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THE ESSENCE.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

Not the folly, not the madness,
Not the sin and not the sorrow
Which would see us dead and cursing
All the gamut of the day,
We attempt to dam shall quench
While the mirthful minutes roll;
Anodyne waits many a laughter;
Poetry light up the whole.

II.

Comrade! look upon the essence:
Not a song's a friend—
How smiles the myriad presence
Passing phantom all around!
From A misery Health comes glowing,
Rosy-cheeked and myrth-crowned,
While her mercenary play within us
Mix as moonlight sweets around.

III.

"Whose," you ask, the wondrous essence?
Who has thus the Joy decreed?
We could deftly that from Nature
Bring's bright elixir lead—
Life's chief science, brighter
Than the old Olympian nectar?
Thus the sage answers Beauty,
With her star-revolving mail!

GLENDOWER;

OR,

THE NORTH SEA ROVER.

A STORY OF THE COAST AND WATERS OF OLD ENGLAND.

BY ELTYNDUS COBB, JR.

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CHAPTER VII.

UNDER A CLOUD.

Margaret Glendower sat by the open door of the cot until the moon had risen, and she knew it was past ten o'clock. Yet no Julian had returned. She could scarcely control the mood, and she had her cap on, and her cot to listen, but she saw nothing and heard nothing.

"Some accident has befallen him," she said, fearfully. "He would not have remained at Beverwalde so late."

"I ought to have gone before this," returned Mark, who had himself become nervous and uneasy. "I know something must have happened."

"But you'll be fearful, my child," urged her mother, laying her hand tenderly upon the arm of her grey-headed boy.

"Never fear for me," he replied. "If Julian be in danger, this is no place for me. I'll set sail at once, and leave to of Adam Nolan's as I can. He may know something of him."

The old sailor buckled on his trusty cutlass, and having stuck a brace of pistols in his belt, he prepared to set forth.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, as encouragingly as possible, to Margaret. "I'll soon overhaul him, never fear. This love is our'out business."

"*Love?*" repeated Margaret Glendower, with a start. "What mean you, Mark?"

"What do I mean? Why, bless you, don't ye know the way the wind blows? Hadn't ye seen none o' the signs?"

"*Love?*" pursued the lady, half to herself. "And does Julian love her?"

"Love, as Lubly Emma, I guess," added the old man.

"But she does not love him. She will cure him of his folly," said Margaret, hopefully.

"I'm," answered Mark, with a very suggestive shrug of the shoulders. "She'll cure him wi' a vengeance. She'll cure him just the same as good old rum'll put out a fire. Why—Lord bless ye, d'ye think a young lubly like her could see and know Julian Glendower without lovin' him? The thing 'd be a moral impossibility."

Mark delivered this opinion with marked emphasis, and seemed to think that Mrs. Glendower would feel flattered by it; but in this he was mistaken. She trembled more than before, and cast a beseeching look into his face.

"My thoughts are confused," she said, pressing her hand upon her brow. "He told me of this love—he told me he was happy in it, and I had forgotten it in a darker fear. He knows not the evil he courts. Find him, Mark—find him, and bring him home to me. Oh! I ought not to have come here. I should have remained in Scotland, and had him join me there!"

"Why—bless my soul, ma'am—aren't ye talkin' on for nothin'? There can't be any harm for Julian now. I know them bloody pirates 'a got a spite wg'in him; but what else is there to fear?"

"Alas! good Mark, you know nothing about it. Do you think the pirates had anything against me? Oh! there is more danger than ye wot of. But go and find my boy, and on the morrow we will leave this place. There can be no safety for us. I had thought that after so many years the past might be forgotten. But I was blind and foolish!"

Mark waited a few moments, but as Margaret spoke no further, he turned away and left the cot. The moon was just lifting its full face above the tree-tops, and the old sailor needed no other light, as he cast his eyes toward the wood, he thought he saw several dark forms moving near the trees, but they quickly disappeared, and after reflecting upon the circumstance a few moments, he concluded that it must have been only a tree upon the vision, so he moved on at a quick pace, and soon reached the wood. At this point he loosened the pistols in his belt, not that he really feared any danger, but that he might be prepared in case it should come.

He had gained some distance in the forest, perhaps half a mile, or more—when he was sure he heard footsteps behind him. He stopped and looked back, but could see no moving thing. Again he moved on, this time faster than before, but presently was he heard the same sound again. He did not stop, however, but kept on his way, and quickened his pace; and when it finally became evident that he was really followed, he drew one of his pistols, and held it cocked in his hand.

"Hallo!" at length hailed a voice behind him. Mark stopped and turned.

"Can't ye leave-to an' keep company with a man?"

The new-comer was a short, stout-built fellow, wearing a short jacket and close-fitting Scotch cap, but it was too dark in the deep wood to make out much of his features. Only mark could see that he was a miller, and that he had every appearance of being a rough customer.

"Whither ye bound at this time o' night, an' in this wood, shipmate?"

"On business of my own," replied Mark, rather shortly, for he did not like the fellow's manner. He still held his pistol in his hand, but kept it out of sight.

"I wouldn't be inquisitive," said the stranger, in a lower tone, "for I myself might be questioned, too. But I'm not known in these parts, and am not suspected here."

"You're a sailor," suggested Mark.

"In course I am."

"A deserter, perhaps."

"Not a bit of it. I'm a regular man-o'-war-man."

"Eh? A man-o'-warsman"? repeated Mark.

"Aye—maybe ye think I'm crinkle? in strange waters?

"I don't know as I can say that, 'cause I'm a man-o'-warsman myself, an' ye see I'm cruisin' in the same latitude. But then I'm acquainted here. I was born close by here."

"Ah—good. Then mayhap ye can tell me if I'm on the right road to Beverwalde?"

"Exactly. Ye've goin' there, I s'pose."

"Yes. I've a message for an officer there in there."

"An officer?"

"Yes."

"What officer is there at the fair?"

"Mr. Glendower. I met a man on the road who said he saw him there just before dark."

"Blow me," muttered the miller, in a low voice the man man. Have ye a message from headquarters?"

"Aye—I have a sealed packet here in my bosom, an' I've come express from the North Sea."

As the fellow thus spoke he placed his hand within the breast of his jacket, as though he would exhibit the packet of which he had made mention. Mark had been entirely thrown off his guard, and had allowed his pistol to be hung by its side, and while he looked for the forthcoming packet, the stranger started as though something had occurred to his mind.

"Did you hear that?" he asked, in a whisper.

"Hear what?" returned Mark.

"I thought I heard a sound behind us. Mark!" They both stopped, and as Mark cast his eyes back, his companion quickly drew a short club from his bosom, and dealt him a blow upon the head. But the stroke did not have the intended effect, for the old man had caught the motion with his eye in season to incline his head upon one side, and the club glanced off and fell upon the shoulder. He had been too long used to danger and conflict to lose his presence of mind in such an emergency. He leaped back the moment the club fell from his shoulder, and raising his pistol with a quick, sure aim, he fired.

"Ye lyin' son of a gun!" he growled, "take that for yer pains. You a man-o'-warsman! Ye're a bloody pirate—that's what you are!"

LADY MARGARET'S APPEAL TO SIR ROLAND DEAN.

The fellow reeled back to the aspect of the pistol rang out upon the still night air, and fell upon his knees.

"By the big book," muttered Mark to himself, "I didn't hope to serve what we was of a sea-cook bound by such a salute. "I—" he cried, stooping down, and seizing the fellow by the collar, "what I'm speak! Hallo!"

But no amount of shaking could bring life back to that body, with a bullet hole through its heart. Mark had assured himself that the man was dead, and was upon the point of rising, when he was startled by the tramp of feet close at hand, and before he could regain a position for defense, he was seized by the arms and thrown back upon the ground. He saw a number of stout men about him—he could not count all their number—but enough, at all events, to quickly overpower him. He struggled some, but his efforts were of no avail; and as soon as his arms had been bound behind him, he was lifted to his feet.

"Bill is dead!" at this moment cried one of the ruffians, who had been examining the prostrate form.

"Dead, is he?" returned the man who held Mark by the arm.

"Dead as a stone."

"And this is some of your work?"

"Avast," answered Mark, panting; "and I'm only sorry that I couldn't serve ye all in the same way. I'd like to know what ye mean by all this. What have I done, that ye should hunt me down?"

"Never mind about that. It's enough now that we've killed one of our men."

"But I had reason for it, and you know it. He struck at me with an oar."

"We mean to put you where you'll be safe, so you needn't ask us no more questions."

"But say," persisted the old sailor, "ye can learn me reason for this. I never did ye harm. Let me go."

"Not just yet, shipmate. We'll let ye go by-and-by, when we've had a little more talk. Pick up the dead body," he added, turning to his men, "we'll find a place for us soon. Across the boat as soon as we can."

Then he turned to Mark, and, with a rough jerk upon the shoulder, bade him move on. The old man could now see that there were half a dozen of the villains, and as his arms were powerless, he knew that resistance would be useless, so he walked along, as he was bid. He tried several times to gain some information touching the reason for his capture, but he was answered only by rough rebuffs, and he finally gave it up, and submitted himself to be led away through the dark wood in silence.

CHAPTER VIII.

AT MIDNIGHT MARGARET GLENDOWER sat by the open door, and gazed off across the moonlit field. She was pale and anxious, and her thin white hands were clasped upon her bosom, for she had been praying.

"Come, Margaret," spoke Dame Warrenton, "do you go to bed, and let me watch. It is not time for them to come back yet. Mark has not been gone over an hour and a half, and ye know it's more than two hours before the midnight."

"I know," returned Mrs. Glendower, trying to speak hopefully; "but I will sit up. I could not sleep if I retired. But do you go to bed, good mother. One is enough to sit up."

"I could not sleep any more than you could, my child; so if you must sit up, we must both sit up. And there they sat, the aged parent and the middle-aged, watching for the return of their children. The man of three-score, with the frost of years upon his brow, was as anxiously regarded by his mother as though he had been stripling, and she could not forget that he was her "darling boy." No frost had yet touched her heart. The branches of the tree had felt the blight, and the summer's bloom had departed, but within the tide of life was warm as ever, and the devotion of affection distilled as gently and sweetly in her soul as the breath of Heaven. But her love bore no such pain alone with it as racked the heart of Margaret Glendower. The latter could see a vulture scowling down upon her child. She could see a fearful storm gathering over him, and she might not have interposed to save him. She might not shield her darling son from his fate—and then the fiend-like thought came into her bosom—and then the fiend-like pleasure.

The two watchers sat there by the open door, and the moments sped on. Finally Margaret started from her chair.

"I can bear this suspense no longer!" she cried. "I will away at once and find my boy!"

"Mercy!" ejaculated the dame, in alarm, "ye would not venture out alone in the forest!"

"I would venture anything," returned the other, moving towards the spot where her hood and shawl hung against the wall. "I must either find my child—God our children, mother—or I must know what has happened to them. There is no danger for me. I will step at the lodge and get Adam to help me."

"Then I shall go, too," said the old lady.

"No, no, mother. I should fly away from you if you had taken a dozen steps. Stay you here, and let me go. I will make all haste."

"But," urged the dame, trembling with apprehension, "think of the danger."

"No, no—there will be none now. Who will dare to fall me in the forest at this hour? Stay no more, mother, for I must go. I should die to sit here racked with the agony of such suspense. Oh, my boy! my boy!—my only hope—my only joy! Should harm come to him now I should be wretchedness indeed. It would have been better that I never lived! I ought not to have brought him here. I should have known better. But I must seek him now. Rest you easy until I return!"

Dame Warrenton would have interposed further, but Margaret would not listen. She clad on her hood and shawl, and having thrown her shawl over her shoulders, she hastened from the cot. Across the field she flew, and when she reached the wood she hurried on without hindrance, for the moon now rolled high enough to throw its silver beams upon the path. She only looked from her direct course to see that she did not pass any fairies, but flew by the wayside, and nothing occurred to stop her until she reached the woodman's lodge. There she thumped loudly upon the door, and Adam Nolan soon made his appearance.

"Adam," cried she, "Margaret Glendower?" he cried, as he recognized the pale face by the moonlight.

"Is it I, good Adam. I seek my boy. Has he passed this way?"

The thought of some evil at once flashed upon the mind of the woodman, and he hesitated ere he spoke.

"Then had seen him," the woman exclaimed, as the natural truth trembled. "Where was he?"

"Come in, Margaret, and I will get a light. I have seen the son; but fear not too much yet. You need go no farther, so come in. He has not reached home, eh?"

"No—mother he her Mark," replied the woman, as she entered the lodge, and sank into a seat.

"Mark! But what of him?" asked Adam.

"He set off after Julian near three hours ago. Have you seen him?"

"No. He has not been this way."

At this point Peggy came out from her room, and at once offered all the assistance in her power.

"You have seen Julian?" said Margaret, gazing into the woodman's face.

"Yes. He passed here just at nightfall, on his way home, and I accompanied him part of the way, and then left him. He was safe and sound then."

"Oh! then some evil has befallen him," cried the unhappy woman, clasping her hands wildly before her eyes. "I must away again!"

"No, no—let me go," urged Adam, putting her gently back into her seat, "you would not know where to look. I know the whole forest, and can search to advantage. Peggy, look to her, and I will hasten away."

Margaret seemed to realize that it would be better for the man to go, for the reader no opposition, but suffered her head to be drawn upon Peggy's bosom. She had need enough of rest, and, despite her anxiety and misery, fell asleep.

"Poor thing!" whispered Adam, as he came out with his axe and pistols slung, "she must have suffered; and I fear me more suffer more. But keep her safe, Peggy, and I'll be back as soon as may be."

With this the woodman quitted the cot, and took his way along the narrow path that led to the north. He was not long in reaching the little hill that overlooked Midnight Bay, and he was just in season to see the pirate brig standing out to sea. He watched her until she had rounded the headland and passed from sight, and then he turned back towards his lodge. When he entered it he found his wife alone.

"Where is Margaret?" he asked.

"She has gone to bed," returned Peggy. "She was so faint and worn, poor thing, that I made her do it. But what have you found, Adam?"

"I've found enough, Peggy—more than I wished to find."

"You do not think Julian Glendower is at Wickhill?"

"No—he's at sea."

"At sea? With the pirate?"

"I fear it."

"I promised Margaret that she should be called when you came."

"Call her not now. Let her sleep. Let her gain what strength she can, for the blow will come heavy enough soon her. Ah—there's some mystery here."

"But there is, Adam."

"Mark! Is she awake?"

"No. She's only moaning in her sleep."

"Poor thing!"

CHAPTER VIII.

WILDHILL was the residence of Sir Thomas Cleveland, a lord of landed property. It was a castellated old structure, erected in the time of the second Edward, but many additions had been made to the original building, and many alterations for comfort and convenience. It stood upon the summit of a noble hill, and commanded one of the finest views to be obtained in that section. He had a wife and son. The latter was a fine, handsome stout peasant paid tribute of rent to the manor. It was late in the evening, and in one of the larger apartments were three persons. The young lord was reading aloud, while Ida was poring up and down the carpeted floor, stopping over and now at a window which looked to the eastward, and gazing out upon the waters of the sea, beyond which the moon was just rising.

By a small table, which stood beneath one of the latticed lamps, sat a woman, somewhat past the middle age, engaged in deciphering an old manuscript, upon which many genius of the past had drawn quaint pictures. She was a short, stout person, with sandy hair, and a dull, grey eye, and was certainly very far from being a beauty. Handsome or comely. And beneath the touch of fifty-eight years many weeks of which had fallen upon her coarse hair, which did not add at all to her charms. She was the mother of Wildhill, the mother of the earl.

The third person in the group, and by far the most striking of the trio, was a woman past fourscore. She had been once tall in stature, but she was bowed down by the weight of years. Indeed, Her hair was thin and white; her brow narrow and wrinkled; her eyes dim and sunken, and her head her nose hooked like a buzzard's beak; her teeth all gone; and her chin prominent and sharp. Deep furrows lay all over her dark face, and her appearance was terrifying in the extreme. She was dressed in black, with beige puffs in her sleeves, and a stiffly starched pointed collar about her neck. She was the mother of Sir Roland, and her grandmother, though she was only stepmother to the present lord. She was the second wife of Sir William Cleveland. She had nursed his first wife during her years of sickness, and after the fair countess was laid in her grave she continued to work herself into her place. Sir William made her his wife, but he met his only child, Owen, who was then but a boy, away to be educated. When Owen was twenty years of age his father died, and he came home and assumed the title, and took possession of the property. He got along with his stepmother as well as he could, though the dowager still had the power to make trouble. He married when he was five-and-thirty, and died about a year afterwards, when his son was only two months old.

The old servants whispered among themselves that the lady Annabella was the real mistress, and had not the ugly Lady Lavinia worried him into it. But they were careful how they spoke, for the "ugly Lady Lavinia" was not to be offended with impunity. Moreover, when Sir Owen died his stepmother was left to manage the vast estate, and she also helped Annabella rear her child. Thomas grew up as we have seen him, and remarkable for his sandy humidity or gentleness of disposition, and at the age of one-and-twenty he entered into full possession of his estates and title. Though the lady Annabella was his own mother; and though none of the Lady Lavinia's blood flowed in the veins of his father, yet he acknowledged more the rule of the latter than of the former. In short, his grandmother had had him in course

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from childhood, and her wor. ad been law at Washhill.

"Thomas," spoken the old woman, in a sharp breath, cracked voice, which well accorded with her face and form, "are you sure this will be done?"

"Am I sure?" answered the young earl, stopping in his walk and facing the speaker. "Of course I am sure."

"And you think you can trust these men more safely than you could trust any of your own retainers?"

"Aye—I trust it. These freebooters are bound to us, and dare not, for their own sakes, make known the work. Their own crimes bind them to silence. But it is not so with any of the men I have about me. I have some desperate characters here, it is true; but I would not trust them to fat. But the young rascal is rich enough now. We shall be troubled no more with him."

"And how is it with that old miller?"

Before the earl could answer, a servant made his appearance and announced that a man desired to see him in the hall. He went out, and when he returned he seemed to have learned something which had pleased him.

"It is all settled," he said, as he approached his grandmother. "Mark Stanhope is dead."

"Have you sure intelligence?" asked the old woman, eagerly.

"The nurse in the world," replied Sir Thomas. "One of his captors has just called here to inform me. So we shall not be troubled by him more. I hated to consign the old man to such a fate, but he might make a deal of noise after the business, and it's better that he should be out of the way."

"Of course it is," echoed Lavinia. "What are the lives of a thousand such men compared with the things which we have at stake?"

"But we have nothing to fear now," said Annabella, in a drawling, lazy tone.

"All is not yet safe, by any means," answered Lavinia, with a wicked snap of her sunken eyes. "Margaret Glendower is still in existence. Mercy must not be."

"But won't she close out if she's left alone?" suggested Annabella.

"Will a mouse clear out when its whelp is stolen?" cried Lavinia, savagely. "I would as soon have her on hand to have her loose!"

Annabella sank back into her seat, and crossed herself once more in the examination of the curious pictures before her, while Lavinia and the old woman resumed the conversation.

"She must be cared for," the earl said; "and we might have been rid of her ere this had it not been for that husband-son of hers. The rovers would have had her on board the brig in four-and-twenty hours longer."

"If they'd only finished her when they had her," muttered the beldam grandmother, with a fiendish twist of the head, "she'd have been out of the way now."

Even Thomas Clavelland, with all his wickedness and hardness of heart, felt a chill in his veins as the shriveled woman said this, but he quickly shook the feeling off, and then replied:

"But is it not too late now. We can contrive some means to dispose of her."

"Bring her here, by," said Lavinia. "Place her once within my power, and I'll do the rest."

"What would you do?" asked Annabella, looking up again from her picture.

"Never mind. She should be cared for."

"What's the use?" pursued the dreamy woman. "She can't harm us. She won't have the courage."

"You had better cafe, Annabella," said the old grandmother, authoritatively. "You must be tired and sleepy."

"Annabella!"

"Yes, mother."

"And didn't you hear me?"

"Yes—but I'm such a careless picture here. Just look. Here is a knight after a dove. The ugly old scrape down and seize the poor little thing in his sharp claws. See."

"Will—what of that?" said Lavinia, impatiently.

"O but that isn't all. The next picture is part of the scene. A hunter, with a cross-bow, has shot a sharp arrow right through the hawk's heart, and the dove flies away unharmed. Isn't it nice?"

"Go to bed, child." The old woman spoke more coldly and pressingly as she said this, and Annabella arose from her chair; but before she retired she door she stopped and turned.

"Mother," she said, still, in a strange, wandering light in her dull, gray eye, "aren't we all hawks and doves—and aren't the hawks among the doves now and arrows, all about us?"

"You are foolish to talk so, Annabella. What has possessed you?"

"The spirit of a dark night, with storm and tempest, has possessed me. Hark! hear it blow now. Mose the wind howl over the sea! Hear the youth cry aloud, and hear his murmuring laugh! Ha, ha,——"

"Annabella!"

"Oh—no needn't look at me so savage, mother, nor speak so gruffly, for I've gone now, I'm sure, I have you know. Aren't I mother of the earl? Aren't I as good as a countess? But—hear it howl! How long will the storm and tempest last, think you? Will Dixon Grunker return?"

At this point Annabella arose from her chair, and though she babbled as she walked, and her back seemed palsied with years, she moved with surprising power in her motion, and her deep-set eyes gleamed like stars. She seized Annabella by the arm, but she curbed her anger ere she spoke.

"My child," she said, "you must retire. Here—come with me;" and then she added, in a low, unwavering, from the room.

In a little while Lavinia returned, and resumed her seat in the great oaken chair, while the earl took the seat which had just been occupied.

"Thomas" said the old woman, in a troubled tone, "your mother acts strangely of late."

"I know she does," returned the earl. "I noticed it some time since."

"When did you first notice anything of the kind?"

"Why?" said the young man, thoughtfully, "she was driver very remarkable for brightness of thought."

"True," added Lavinia. "She never had great intellect; but she is a good woman, however—when did you first notice this strange forgetfulness and fanciful imagination in her manner?"

"It was about the time that the North Sea Rover made his appearance here."

"So it was," said the old woman, with a start. "I remember now. But we must look to her, boy. Is your mind so wandering?"

"So I have feared. She certainly shows signs of it."

"And we must not trust her with our secrets, or our plans. We had better be careful how we converse in her presence. Perhaps we should have thought of this before."

"Never mind" returned Sir Thomas. "We can watch her."

When he had spoken thus he left his seat and went to the window again. He stood there some moments, and then walked across the room, and returned. This was repeated many times, until finally he turned from the window with an expression of relief.

"All is safe now," he cried. "They have made the signal."

"What signal, boy?"

"The signal they were to make when they were all on board, and ready to sail. So all is safe in that quarter; and I'll vow to bed."

"There is one thing I would speak of," Lavinia said, "for I am anxious to see you more firmly seated down, and to see our house prosper. I allude to your treatment of Dixon, by Sir Simon. What have you done towards that end?"

"Only to examine the key of the land," replied the earl, somewhat lightly. "But there's no danger there. I am sure of the consent of her father, and that will be enough."

"But do you think she would refuse you?"

"I don't know. I don't think she does me, though my wealth and title may dazzle her into it. I have confessed my love, and have been very indirect in that little plan of mine, I'd have had her out before this time. But there's danger in that quarter. She's as good as mine now."

"You must secure her, by boy. With Nevendale attached to Wolfhill you would own the finest estate in all Yorkshire."

"And I will own it," the earl replied. "You may depend upon that."

With this the old woman left the room, and shortly afterwards Lavinia rang her bell, and her maid appeared to answer her appearance, and helped her off to bed.

As the first beams of the morning sun streamed through the brown Margaret Glendower awoke and started up from her bed. In a few moments she remembered where she was, and also called to mind the events of the preceding night. While she was dressing she heard the bell in the distance. Margaret sprang forward and caught her by the arm.

"Peggy," she cried, "have they found my boy? His Adam returned?"

"Adam has returned," the woman answered.

"And Julian——"

"You must ask Adam. I don't know all he found," replied Peggy, hastily leaving the room by way.

"But you know if he found my boy. Don't keep the truth from me."

"Mistress Margaret, by the other room. Come—he can tell you all."

Margaret hastened out and flew to the woodman's side.

"Adam," she whispered, laying both her hands upon his arm, "what did you find?"

"Sit down, Margaret. Sit thee down, and be calm."

She sat down, but still held him by the arm.

"I didn't find by boy," he said, slowly, and the man said, with an emotion of dread which he could not conceal.

"But you know something of him. Don't hide the truth. Tell me the worst. Even death itself would be better than suspense. Tell me, Adam, for the uncertainty and dreadful suspense."

"Well, Margaret, by boy who has been captured and carried off by the pirates."

"Merciful God!" gasped the poor woman, letting her hands drop by her side; but in a moment more she clasped them upon her lover, and groaned in agony.

"He may come back," said Adam, in a perceptibly tremulous voice.

"Oh! you are comforting me! Such a comfort!" she exclaimed, starting up. "Where is Mark? He may hasten away for help. If the officers of Justice at this point know of what they might pursue the prizes."

"Alas!" answered the woodman, "I fear Mark, too, has been taken."

"Mark taken?—and by the pirates?"

"Yes."

"Oh!—woe was I! Why did I come here?"

At this moment a knock was heard before the door, and a moment afterward Sir Roland Dunn entered the lodge.

"I'm up and out before you this morning," the baronet cried, giving a hasty recognition to Adam upon the shoulder. "But," he added, as he noticed Margaret, "what is that? Mrs. Glendower! What has happened?"

Under the impulse of the moment the agonized woman forgot that she had known him in life, and raised her clasped hands before him.

"Oh! take me back, for the love of mercy!" she cried, "for you are powerful—you have soldiers! Only take me back to the house. Oh! for the love of God help me if you can!"

"But," returned the baronet, taking her by the hand and raising her to her feet, "what has happened? Who has stolen away your boy?"

"The pirates, sir! They seized him in the wood last night."

"Adam?" said Sir Roland, turning to his woodman, "do you know anything of this?"

In few words Adam told what he had learned and seen.

"Oh, sir!" implored Margaret, "if you would see the young earl, and find out what they have done with my boy!"

"The earl!" repeated Sir Roland, in surprise. "What can he know of it?"

"He may know something," replied the woman. "But you need not tell him that I said aught against him."

"There is something strange here," the baronet said, gazing into Margaret's troubled face. "What can Sir Thomas Clavelland have had to do with your son, or with these pirates?"

Margaret stopped her hands, but could not answer. Adam, however, saw her trouble, and came to her assistance.

"You know that Julian Glendower wounded the earl severely in the forest, and he fears, when he recovered the lady Emma," said the woodman.

"Aye—I know that," answered Sir Roland, returning the gaze.

"And this gives him cause that the earl had wounded Julian on the very night of his own home, and there he's been ever since, unless he's sailed now, which I think is very likely."

"And you think the earl has had some hand in the removing of Julian, do you?"

"I fear so, sir," replied Margaret, to whom the question was addressed.

"Ah—I see," the baronet acted, after a moment's thought. "Sir Thomas is jealous! By heavens, I have it now. Do you not think such is the case? He fears your son will stand in the way of his suit with the lady Emma."

"It may be so," entered Margaret, spasmodically, catching at the idea thus thrown out.

"Then very likely the youth will only be removed for a while," remarked Sir Roland. "He do not give up yet. I will do what I can for you. Keep up a good heart, and put your trust in God. By the knighthood I have, if Sir Thomas Clavelland has been guilty of this thing, I'll know it."

When the baronet was gone Margaret remembered that she should return to the cot and inform Dame Wentworth of what had happened, and that she set out Adam accompanied her. They reached their destination in safety, and when Margaret Glendower saw the grief of her aged friend she forgot part of her own sorrow. Julian Nolan still all he could to give them hope, but he think dreamed of the dire cause of their grief. He was aware of Julian's danger, but the things of which the stricken mothers dared not speak.

CHAPTER IX.

WALKING THE PLANK!!

When Julian Glendower came to his senses, he knew by the motion of the hard bed upon which he lay that he was at sea. He tried to raise himself upon his elbow, but he found his arms so pinioned that he could not do it. It was totally dark where he was, so he could hear the sound of feet overhead, and in his senses became more clear, and his thoughts more connected, he could distinguish the creaking of blocks, and the rattle of loose rigging. He was not long in calling to mind the events of the night, and he finally came up his mind that he was on board the pirate brig, and that he must be upon the berth-deck, and very near the bows. The lashing upon his arms and legs was not much pain, and at length he set to work to free himself. This was several times repeated, and with the same result. He was a prisoner.

"What's the matter?" the new-comer asked.

"Enough is the matter," returned Julian, gazing up and seeing a rough stout seaman standing over him. "My arms are ready to drop off with pain."

"I'll cut you loose, by and by."

"Of course I do. Why should you murder a helpless man?"

"Just you hold on a bit, an' I'll see about that." And with this the man left the berth-deck, and while he returned, sat with him came another man, who carried a lantern in his hand.

"I'll bet ye what we can do," said the first. "We can cast off them bolts-an'-nut on these fellers' fingers."

"Anything is better than the pain I suffer now," the youth said.

The two men bent over him, and when the lashing had been cut from his arms and ankles, the pinions were put upon him. They were so apart that of the nothing compared to the bonds by which had been confined, for they only curbed his powers of locomotion without giving any pain. Julian arose to his feet, and the men left him, and finished their work Julian raised them where he was.

"You've set me, security," replied the man who held the lantern.

"And on board the Rover, am I?"

"Why you're rec'l aware, I s'pose. Come back, let's leave you, an' we'll bring you a bite."

"Say," cried the prisoner, as they were turning away, "what is the time of day by the sun?"

"The mid-watch is his little more'n half off," was the response.

"Then it will be daylight in less than two hours?"

"Come 'twill."

"Will you bring me some water?"

"Aye, you shall be told to would, and beseem so good as his word, returning in a few moments with a pitcher and cup full. Julian drank nearly half of it, and then begged the men to untie his hand and feet again.

"Come, come, no trouble of a crack on your head, sir," the fellow said, as he set his lantern down.

"I—I did," replied the youth.

"A schoo, that's true."

"I'm—bully."

"Then in this way make it feel better;" and then saying the man commenced to untie his head, and when he had cast up all the water he went away, and in a little while much easier now, and as a sense of drowsiness came over him he lay back upon the hard bed which had been given him, and soon fell asleep.

How long he had awoke he found that it was daylight, though but little light penetrated to the berth-deck, and that many were sleeping on the was close forward, upon the berth-deck, and that the light came down the main hatchway, directly over the spot where he had slept. There were twenty or thirty hammocks slung from the beams, and these were occupied by the knave in his first, and raised her clasped hands before him.

"Oh! take me back, for the love of mercy!" she cried, "for you are powerful—you have soldiers! Only take me back to the house. Oh! for the love of God help me if you can!"

"But," returned the baronet, taking her by the hand and raising her to her feet, "what has happened? Who has stolen away your boy?"

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QUEEN ROSE OF AYRE.

BY EMMA ALICE BROWNE.

"Queen Rose of Ayre, 'tis the twilight hour,
The purples fade in the mermaid's weed—
Oh hasten, sweet, in your trysting bower,
Where the Night Rose on the vine takes breath—
The silver swan her pale wing lave
In the shining spray on that starry shore,
A tone of love hath the dreaming waves,
But I list in vain for the voice I crave.
A poet sang to his sweet guitar,
While the young May moon in the waves of Ayre.

In the halls of Ayre there's a gay feast spread,
The rose-crowned beaker and lute are there;
And a thousand fragrant lights are shed
O'er the latest knight and belle to fare.
But one dark face grieveth there, still,
And a hand rests light on a jewelled sword,
"In the bridal-veil of Pearl Devine,
To-night will wander, the bright-haired bride,
To the moonlit wold, by the mermaid's coast of Ayre.
There's a gay plumb a-mid yonder!

Like a swordsman down the street he came—
His glitter, the light of all the hall—
And he stood on the floor of the dancers' game
One hearing gave on her mood and him last—
And the silken lid of her sunshiel fell,
As she trembled soft as a wind to May
Makes low reply to her lover's sweet—
"Rose-leaf of beauty, come away
Into the starlit forest, as the night were so—
But she from the castle former hath gone!

MORGIANA.

AN EPISODE.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

When I first met Morgiana Lewis she had long passed the period of youth. I had known her for I had for many months resided in the same village, though I was not aware that I had ever seen her.

Her father was an aged man, of immense wealth, and she, the eldest of his heirs, an heiress also with him. She was represented to me as a woman already past the middle period of life, but still youthful in appearance and fascinating in manner. I should scarcely have been interested by making the inquiries that elicited this information, for I was conscious of no personal benefit to reward the Lewises, but for the fact that my mission in it was to procure pupils in music, and I naturally sought to ascertain who, among the wealthy, were likely to become my patrons.

Miss Lewis, I was told, had, some years previously to my arrival at S., adopted a young girl as her daughter, and had often been heard to remark the fact that the place, to which she was confined by attendance upon her aged father, furnished no facilities for the education of her charge. I determined to offer my services as instructor of the young girl.

Not many days elapsed before I gained an introduction to Mr. Lewis. I found him a tall, stately old man with shrewd hair, and an aspect of great benignity. The flattering mention of his daughter who introduced us, caused him to regard me favorably, and the interview ended by my receiving a call at his house that evening.

I went and found Miss Lewis alone, ready to receive me. Her father was not well, she said, and, in accordance with the indulgence made necessary by his advanced age, had accepted her offer of a room. I found that he had told his daughter all the history of me, and an hour passed most agreeably in varied reminiscences of the foreign lands we both had visited. Miss Lewis had been there recently, when I went to perfect myself in the science I loved, and from which, having spent all my patrimony in attaining a knowledge of it, I was now to gain my support.

The little girl, my future pupil, was then introduced, and after trying the superb instrument which graced Miss Lewis's drawing-room, I took my leave.

That night I thought much of Miss Lewis. In fact, certain movements of her child's graceful figure, and the round arm, and beautifully shaped head; certain tones of her peculiarly musical voice; certain expressions of her fine, dark eyes, haunted me all the hours that should have been given to sleep. The woman was an enigma to me, and one which I felt irresistibly impelled to read. She drew towards her by a strange fascination which I could not comprehend. At length, just as the morning dawned, I turned for the hour from my task of perplexing pillow and restlessly closed my eyes with a determination to sleep, murmuring—

"Strange that this woman of fifty, though endowed with the fascination of charm, should so attract me! Pshaw! she might be mother to one of my thirty years, and I can't be the happiest magnet of the great passion that I feel!"

The lessons to my pupil commenced next day. Miss Lewis sat beside the window, engaged in elegant sewing, while the lesson proceeded; and I, from time to time, glanced at her as she bent over her work. Her head was a noble one, and there was something in her address, so full of a certain dignified grace, that in another of her age would have impressed me as the result of artificial training; but in her seemed the outward expression of her spiritual condition. Her hair was very dark, and still shining and ample, though it was mixed in a single thread of white shoved itself gilteringly among the midst of locks. Her forest was unbereaved by wrinkles, though there was a slight contraction, as I fancy, that seemed to have been learned long since from some sad habit of thought, or some deep sorrow. Her hands and arms I have before mentioned. The loose sleeves of her morning wrapper fell back from them now, and revealed their statuesque beauty. They were not merely their perfection, nor robbed them of the roundness and the soft tint of early youth. To me, they were her fifty years. Morgiana Lewis was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

The lesson ended, Miss Lewis begged me, if my time would permit, to play for her; and as I was then her request was no idle compliment, but that she really desired what she asked, I willingly complied. I had plenty of leisure, for my list of pupils numbered many pupils; and, for an hour, I was playing, making the divine harmonies of the great masters of song, and flooding the lofty room with waves of music.

Miss Lewis listened, and I saw by her changing countenance as, from time to time, I glanced at it, that she felt that the true language was music. To give me pleasure to play for her, and I continued, perhaps longer than I thought, because of that pleasure. It was one I had rarely enjoyed since my return to America, where, out of the great cities, there is little appreciation of music.

At length I rose, and then I asked her if she would oblige me by playing. She assented frankly, saying that she never refused to play, but that I, with my cultivation and later knowledge of music, would find little to approve in the old-fashioned performance of an old woman. She really embarrassed me, for I could not quite reconcile myself to the idea that she was old; but before I could find words for a suitable answer she touched the keys of the pianoforte, and commenced an ancient but brilliant sonata. Her touch was firmed and somewhat feeble. She was a timid performer, but through all I saw her genuine love of music, and received, if possible, to inspire her with all my own enthusiasm for the highest order of art, if I would permit me, with some of my knowledge.

Thenceforward almost every day found me at Miss Lewis's mansion. My little pupil progressed well, and Mr. and Miss Lewis extended to me the hospitable kindness which made me feel not only as if I was regarded as upon an equal footing, but as a cherished friend.

What followed in the two or three years of my stay at S., I have faithfully recorded in my journal, my only friend and unrevealing confidant during that season of my loneliness, and joy, and doubt, and hope.

July 16.—I dined to-day at the Lewis's. I had been annoyed and humiliated the whole morning by being forced to listen to the performance of the Misses Amelia upon the pianoforte and harp. They have just returned from some famous finishing school in the city, and have taken the first proficiency in music is something wonderful, because they are fashionable young ladies, and execute a high soprano. It was refreshing for me to go thence to Miss Lewis. I found her in the drawing-room, seated at the pianoforte. She was playing softly, and singing, half recitatively, the passionate air to be of a "maple old ballad. Music and words, I saw, were but a fitting accompaniment for her thoughts; for when she raised her face to greet me, there were traces of tears upon it, and the contraction of her brow was deeper and more marked than ever I had seen it before.

"This is an anniversary—a sad one," she said, simply, by way of explanation, and then she rose to welcome me with her usual grace.

I sat down and played some of those quiet melting airs that seem, even better than words of intense passion, to bring comfort to the sorrowful. Miss Lewis's dark eyes overcame with tears as I glanced at her from the bend lines, were, I saw, not those by some great grief, were smoothed away from her face, and, when I ceased playing, she rose as if to have announced dinner, and I knew that the words were mean to express that the music had been sufficient. At table she was almost as cheerful as usual, and, when she accompanied me home, and to her apartment in order to hear me, as to her custom, and I was left alone with my little pupil.

I had intended to spend the day with her, and said: "I saw her very this morning, and I could not conceive her. Dear Mr. Bernard, why was you to make her happy again?"

The question, I perceive is my implicity, and fancies that I can accomplish any task, however difficult. And God knows that my heart ached because Lewis happy I would do much, how much I do not know, and hardly dare to think.

I hoped she would tell me something of her sorrow when she returned, and Electa had disappeared to her room. But she did not, and I was left during the whole evening, or listening to me, with a forced composure that I felt was painful to her. My spirits became so depressed that I felt that pretended to leave me. But this did not, and I went home. She did not ask me to remain longer, as she sometimes had done, but gave me her hand at parting, there was a clinging pressure of her fingers, and a glance from her eyes, that told me my silence and respectful sympathy had been observed and appreciated.

July 17.—Miss Lewis's manner has not suffered the affection of youth, any more than its grace and beauty!

August 14th.—Every day I am more and more puzzled. In her manner there is the affection which leads me constantly to the side of Morgiana Lewis, and that is the nature of the feelings with which I regard her. Neither her conversation nor her conduct betrays any unusual power, so excellent and rapidly developing, the nature yet undeveloped beauty of form and feature, that I am sometimes startled when my reason accounts for the first; while my feelings, full of the most overpowering love, refer to the second which age usually calls forth, and lack as well the years that should separate whether herself from me as to the nature of bestowing upon none rare and splendid beauty, still I cannot comprehend the mystery of the world's equivalences.

But that I love Morgiana Lewis I am very sure, and that I have not been even here the thoughts which my vanity has fairly whispered in my ear. Angel that she is, I have not dared to do it. I have not been at the house for several days, except to make the accustomed visit, and I have gone by to feel those little sums about my neck, and those soft arms around me, which the children of Miss Lewis came and laid Electa down, and telling her that the pianoforte was waiting for her instruction, and reminding her of her promise to submit quietly to all my directions, I left her. I was glad to be away. I am not ashamed to write here that there were tears upon my brown, bearded cheek, for it is an affection, gratitude one has for a friend loved so unexpectedly and frankly.

There were sweeter tears in the eyes of Miss Lewis, also, as she drew me away. We went down to the parlor together, and I found myself relating my quiet anxiety seemed to arouse a new interest in each other. We were for the first time, as friends. Incidental. Insensibly our conversation tended to word personal matters, and I found myself relating the history of my life, with its successes and failings, and, and surprised as the unwonted egotism that I had displayed, brought Miss Lewis to forgive me. I seemed, in a strange impulse, to have grown to me the kindly interest and intense sympathy with my life—her heroic weight of secret sorrow sufficient to crush the strongest man, has unwearedly performed all her duties, and cheerfully endured her loneliness, preserving, even yet, much of the freshness of feeling, and many of the charms of early youth.

How thick has been the shadow that has darkened her life! I will not write it here, lest some one, She says it was as if a pall embraced her whole person when the tidings of her lover's and only youth proved faithless. In that love was garnered all the joy and brightness of her life. It was long ere she recovered her wonted cheerfulness, even to outward appearance—long ere she learned to smile calmly when she met him with his young bride hanging fondly on his arm. Yet she conquered this sorrow—became her friend, and, at length, when sorrow overtook her, a true comforter and support.

The husband died first, and when the wife followed him, to Morgiana's desolate heart-home her sole remaining child, the last of seven little ones, who had blossomed only to wither by her fireside. Electa is this child, and I am now understand the unusual tenderness with which Miss Lewis regards her.

September 7th.—Every day the society of Morgiana Lewis becomes more necessary to me. Unconsciously indeed, I can be said to be happy only when in her presence. Those long, delicious evenings when Electa's lesson over, the child is dismissed to her nurse, and Miss Lewis and myself, musician she to side me, and we talk as only friends whose lives are patent to each other—whose tastes, feelings, and even opinions harmonize so well, I am learning much from the store of her experience, she learning more from mine—are the happiest hours both believing, even if we do not acknowledge it, that we might be that she detested the feelings now scarce acknowledged to my own heart—At my rate, happy as we were in each other, little as we thought it, we were in love. I am not sure but that we had mistaken our own hearts and their language.

But she has gone from me now, gone, happy in the knowledge that I love her well for her self, and to the full measure of her desires, with a tender and affectionate regret that we must part for a very grave. She has left to my care Electa, our child as we have loved to call her, and thus I am assured that she will return to me. She remains to remind me of the brief episode in my existence which has been the happiest of my life.

Already it is whispered that I have profited by her wealth, and I must trust her generosity bestowed upon me by unanswering memories. There are many rung sensations contrived for me by her unconscious generosity, but I will not quarrel their charms with the precious memory of the hour we say with for my child.

Perhaps I may yet marry. Morgiana gave to me her blessing, and she cried me the happiness of a lovely womanhood. To make her my bride would, some day, if she can ever forget my father's relation, begins to be a dim dream of my waking imagination, and sometimes, in my moments more than there was between Morgiana and myself, and the advantage is all on my own side. We shall see, when three or four years have rolled away. It is not long to wait for a life's happiness!

Nov. 1st.—I have not what could be considered letter and but. In my life I will not marry again than the heart and been thus grossly deceived, though I give Electa to another, and walk lonely through the glooms. Sunday the first snow-fall, while she grows beside me more beautiful and winning day by day.

WORK QUICK.

I am an amateur carpenter in an humble way. I have a workshop, and do my own jobbing. Once, having put together a chair, and set it up out of paint, and was beginning to lay it on, when the servant girl, who had brought it, said, "Please, sir, I (perhaps half mischievous) desire to witness any operation performed." "Work quick, then," I said, quick! that's the rule. It lays on the paint better, and dries sooner."

That boy's counsel has remained with me ever since, and has been of infinite applications; for what is a good rule in one thing, is generally a good rule in another. There are, indeed, some things that require to be done slowly, but while are quire long elaboration and exquisite finish. But "work quick" is a rule which will apply in a few exceptions, either in manual or mental labors. Work quick.

Generally, it does the work better as well as sooner than in a good. Roman used to speak of a certain *festina segnenis si jugnus*, "an unhurried and unbidden activity" of the mind when it proceeds with a vigor and facility which argues skill. Every thinking and working man (whatever his sphere and form of labor) should endeavor to attain that. It is just as true of the hand as of the head—just as true of the mechanic, or the artist, as of the writer. Hesse says the mother should think quickly, and the child should imitate another this it. We can all do greater and better things in some time than we can at others. Mind has its vicissitudes, and so has body, and so has moral and feeling courage, as well as grosser things. When we are conscious that a mental task, done at a given time especially, let us work quick.

The mental energy and vigor of mind is sometimes brought on, to some extent, by working quick. The mind feels itself impelled forcibly to carry out a prompt and earnest purpose, to meet a pressing exigency. Have not some of the best things we have ever done been done quick?

Some writer has put down a calculation of the amount of work which a man may accomplish in a useful life by rising at five in the morning instead of seven. The sum of the intervals, in a life of ordinary length, was found startling. It amounted to several years. It would be quite as useful a calculation (though not capable of arithmetical adjustment) how much time might be saved, how much accomplished, by working quick the work of our life's labor, by working quick.

Some of the most successful laborers in every department of human activity have been remarkable for celerity of their operations. Michael Angelo used to work with a fire and fury absolutely appalling to the beholder. It seemed as if every stroke might cut two deep, and totally mar his work. But the quickness of his eye was equal to the energy of his hand—the precision of his mind to the force of his hammer. Callimachus complimented Profogy Philadelphus that he never let the rain go down on his unaccomplished purpose. Bonnet used to dash down on paper, with the utmost rapidity that his hand could move, the thoughts and traits that occurred to him while preparing his sermons; saying that writing in full *detracted his attention*. Pastal, when one of his immortal "thoughts" came upon him, rushed to the table and scoured it on the first scrap that offered, and in the very form in which it presented itself to his mind; hence many of those wonderful pressions which are found, on his death, written on loose and coarse bits of paper.

Go into Wall street in business hours, and you can distinguish the head of the leading banking house of New York by the quickness of his step, though the feeble steps of those seventy winters are sprinkled on his temples. We once walked after Chief Justice Marshall along Pennsylvania Avenue, when we were some thirty years old, and he about eighty. It was our lady task to keep up with him. A Virginia gentleman, who lived near him, told us that he used to walk out from Richmond to his plantation, some three miles off, daily, to see what was going on there; and that, on coming home again, he always hurried that walk, and was deep in some book, before his servant had time to bring up his slippers.

Work quick! work quick! It summons up the energies, gives them a healthful exercise, prepares for rest, though, social enjoyment, and various recreation—lengthens life by multiplying achievement.

LAW AND JUSTICE IN ASIA.

The bloodings of a free State are like the properties of a good medicine; they cannot be scanned or well appreciated without contrast. Put a man for an hour into a half-enclosed cage, and then set him up in a dungeon filled with noxious and filthy vapors, and he would know thereafter the luxury of breathing the pure air of heaven. I am not in love *fantasies*, expanding his lungs, nourishing his blood, and freshening his life. Even in Turkey, to a degree into Asiatic life now and then (since most of the Turkish Empire is Asiatic), I was led to realize what it is worth to be an American citizen. Nothing else could ever have done it. Let us cite a few of them. Mr. Morier, a British ambassador to Persia, states that the Mohammedan (or non-Christian) code of laws is such that the Jew (who does) arrived one evening at a caravanserai, your which was full of Sikh of great note quality. He ordered the horses and mules of the troop to be taken to the stable, and the baggage with cases in his eyes, and told him that the grain of that Sikh's property he had to support his family for the next winter. The Mohammedan *ordered him to be* taken to the stable, and the Jew, with the Armenian servants of the British ambassador to the same country, was that the Mohammedan who accompanied him, not the Jew, or the Sikh, or the Armenian. An American of surpassing beauty, which was said to be the property of the Sikh. He came back in length, bringing the splendid animal with him, and replied to the Sikh, "The animal is my inheritance." "The accused," said he (i. e., the owner), "came to the caravanserai as my ally-guest." Could for the mare; he said she was away. We searched for her far and near, and at last found her hid in the stable of the Sikh of great note quality. He ordered the horses and mules of the troop to be taken to the stable, and the baggage with cases in his eyes, and told him that the grain of that Sikh's property he had to support his family for the next winter. The Mohammedan *ordered him to be* taken to the stable, and the Jew, with the Armenian servants of the British ambassador to the same country, was that the Mohammedan who accompanied him, not the Jew, or the Sikh, or the Armenian. An American of surpassing beauty, which was said to be the property of the Sikh. He came back in length, bringing the splendid animal with him, and replied to the Sikh, "The animal is my inheritance." "The accused," said he (i. e., the owner), "came to the caravanserai as my ally-guest." Could for the mare; he said she was away. We searched for her far and near, and at last found her hid in the stable of the Sikh of great note quality. He

Life is just as insecure as property under the ferocious government of Asia. Mr. Layard, Nicolas states that Hajee Ibrahim, the Prime Minister and absolute master of Persia would do, if he was there, was, within ten years afterwards, put to a violent death, with all his property seized, and all their property confiscated. Dr. Walsh, an stanchly loyal British gentleman of Constantinople, relates that, while he was traveling in a remote province of Turkey, a man in authority expressed admiration with a frame, demanding the execution of a guilty or suspected man. The matter required investigation, and the man was found innocent, scarcely was the head off, when it appeared that the victim had been taken, and that the beheaded man was quite innocent. "No matter," said the governor, "bring the head of the next one" "one head is as good as another in Constantinople." Dr. Walsh. Pender has recently left Persia "caravan journies" through Central Asia. While at Candahar, as a foreigner of note with a distinguished appearance, he had a specially extensive and beautiful garden, assigned him by the governor. Well outside one of the gates of the city. "Now, sir," he said, "he says, "was all. Now, sir," he says, "a beautiful field and that proceeded from a case of corruption alive with millions of worms that [illegible] "Is that?" said he to his Afghan attendant. "Some months ago," was the answer, "this house belonged to the Governor's brother, but he died, and so it fell to me as a fief." He had been murdered, and his body left on a dung-hill to rot. Dr. Walsh, Rev. Elias Riggs, "executed his beautiful residence." The unfortunate Wall reminds me of the fate of the Sepoy. Sikh Khan is a modern reproduction of Jezabel.

Now we have our crisis, crushed by several ones. Now and then the head of a custom officer or postmaster, (metaphorically speaking,) drops into the government basket, and the former forward competitor covets his office. But we have nothing like the Asiatic horrors that are continually looming around us. Thought, speech and action are free, Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, are guaranteed to us. Let us bear our evils as we may, and now and then take a look at the Asiatic life, and learn to be thankful for having been born to a share in the glorious patrimony of American Freedom.

ULY VS. HOLY.

In the eastern part of Delaware county, is the State of Pennsylvania, a village named Ulysses, a magistrate of the peace, and a very sensible man, but by common consent the ugliest looking individual in the whole country round. He was short, swarthy, and awry, with a gait like a kangaroo. One day, a stranger came to town, and on one of the streets rode he met a man on foot and alone, who was hoppy, and limping, and awry, and ugly, and short

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1858.

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OUR REPUBLIC.

It is barely more than three-quarters of a century since this fair and flourishing Republic was a colony of England, scarcely commanding the means of existence without the aid of the mother-country, which was itself oppressed by European wars. The Puritans of England began, in the rough fields of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, the work which has since extended from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These colonists conquerors of the wilds of the New World multiplied, in the first period of their social existence, the depressed condition of a European colony; but the spirit of liberty which led them to these regions, and the gifts of a magnificent and fruitful nature, sufficed to prepare them for their high destiny.

The wide superintendency lasted more than one hundred and fifty years, before the work was complete, and on the nineteenth of April, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, the thunders of Lexington called a new-born nation to regenerate the world. The people rose as one man, and, trampling the ploughshare that tilled the soil into a sword to defend it, they threw themselves upon their oppressors, and as Philadelphia proclaimed the immortal principles of self-government that made tyrants tremble, and every generous heart palpitate with joyful hope. *As that movement is never* once remembered by the world, it is not to be forgotten. If not in national importance, it was great by the moral influence it immediately exerted on all the world.

England, overwhelmed by a debt of one hundred and twenty-eight and a half millions sterling, struggled with an actual bankruptcy of four millions and a half, wished to transfer a portion of the burthen to her colonies, and attempted to obtrude their right by the imposition of the celebrated Stamp tax. The colonies admitted the justice of the remonstrance of the confederated congress, according to their ability, to the support of the common government, since the prosperity of each depended on the security and well-being of all, but declared they could not, and ought not to submit in the exercise of wars with which they had nothing to do, and in numerous cases, which was equally repugnant to their principles and their simplicity. At first England affected to acknowledge the right of the colonies to refuse to pay the taxes they had no share in committing; but after the flight of a few years, she renewed the claim under a different form. With equal firmness America repelled the second attempt to subject her liberties, and England, offended at the unrumpled authority, opened the port of Boston, and kindled the flames of a war which desolated their peaceful dells, and lost her an empire in the New World.

Since that period the nation has maintained the path of our Revolution, and who now watch, in their high sphere, over our safety and glory. They broke the fetters of the Thirteen Colonies, and offered to the astonished world the most sublime spectacle of ancient and modern times—the union of many races, tongues and sects, in the one political religion of liberty. The descendants of Independence found thirteen States and three millions of people; now there are twenty-three States and over thirty millions of souls. The seas of geographically unmanageable, and consequently increased tenfold. The whole exterior commerce of the Republic in 1792 amounted to about eight and a half millions annually, now our annual exports reach nearly three hundred millions; while our internal commerce exceeds two hundred millions. Then a few ill-constructed roads, and the water courses natures had scattered, were our only means of inter-communication, now more than twenty thousand miles of railway, and numerous canals interlace in continuous lines of navigation thirty thousand miles of lake and river, connecting the most northern corner of Maine nearer in time to Florida and Mexico than was Boston to New York in the early days.

Genius and lightning have so annihilated distance, that extent of territory has ceased to frighten the most timid statesman; yet, science, art, and enterprise have not alone multiplied our change. Liberty and the expansive genius of self-government have made us united and powerful, and these, combined with the material resources of the New World, may, if this glorious Union is surrendered by selfishness, domestic discord, and internal violence, inaugurate on earth a paradise more gorgeous than the Indian Eden. Broad, and great, and mighty as it is, our Republic is but just entered on its course—just flanking the splendor of its orb on the oppressed nations—yet there are men among us traitorous enough to forebode, and enough, in the face of the sublimest Providence, to propose cutting the Republic adrift from its side safe anchorage, the Union, and letting it drive to wreck on the rocks of sectional hate and demagogic ambition. May God either the tongue and hand that essay so foul a consummation!

WHAT CHANGES! WHAT WONDERS!

It is a startling and suggestive thought that in the course of time every spot on the earth must be searched or carried by good and bad deeds. Think of it! That rock on which you gaze in admiration of its vast proportions and grotesque form, may have been the altar of sacrifice when thousands of years ago, the blood of human victims was poured out to a fabled deity. This Emery nook in the deep forest may have witnessed the vows of lovers, when fate may now be a part of yonder gigantic oak. You cast your eyes over the lovely prairie that spreads on and on over the far, dim horizon, till "vision shudders o'er immensity" how quiet, how peaceful, how soothing the scene! And yet it was the very expanse of emerald grass and gorgeous flowers, armies may have met in the shock of battle, banners may have been torn into shreds, and empires overthrown or created. Even if you gain sight of a race which is unknown to geography—a country of solitude, where you find neither trace of a deserted homestead, nor a single grave—even there do not say, "I am the first human being whose foot has trod this errant—mine is the first human eye that has gazed on yonder majestic mountain—mine are the first human ears that have listened to the deep, solemn music of the wind amid the harp-like branches of yon primeval forest." Why, thousands of years ago, millions may have been lived and died, and the waves of time have washed away all memories of their existence. What guarantee have we that in the long sweep of the revolving cycles, our own existence and its records will not crumble into nothingness—our very names be lost? *A single word, a single sentence, a single* span—a few centuries, so far, the longest period of any authentic record; but the mind can see, in eternity, and in that existence what changes! what wonders!

A DIVINE ART.

The "divine art," as usually classed, do not include the art to which we are about to call attention—the art of preaching. Nevertheless, we think it as much entitled to the appellation as music, or poetry. Indeed, Samuel Rogers, himself whom have come our ideas of the divine in art as now do our models of artistic skill from that conclusion, virtually so stamped it. Hence we find, among the gentlemen of their pagan army, one whose great attribute was preaching. He preached Pithe. She was represented as having a calm, and even sublime look. Why, then, should not preaching, which was itself oppressed by European wars. The Puritans of England began, in the rough fields of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, the work which has since extended from the St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. These colonists conquerors of the wilds of the New World multiplied, in the first period of their social existence, the depressed condition of a European colony; but the spirit of Liberty which led them to these regions, and the gifts of a magnificent and fruitful nature, sufficed to prepare them for their high destiny.

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FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by Robert Bonner, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

A TRUE STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY JENNY LAWTON.

School was out! "Hurra!" screamed all the boys, and up went their caps in the air, as they all commenced trying the strength of their limbs and lungs by running down the hill, over stiles and fences, some by leap-frog, some by bat and ball; and thus they all separated, and went their different ways to their homes, each to tell the news in his own way. It was not with so light a step as his schoolfellows; and when the last boy was out of sight, he drew a deep sigh, and crawling in one down over his cheek, and carefully knocked him in every direction, as if to reassure himself that not one boy lingered to keep him company, proved not. He was an honest boy; he had no thought of stealing anything on the way—it was not that; he was not afraid of the master, for he was innocent, and the hand of his class, and seemed more anxious to assure himself that no one was by to witness his tears, as he was not afraid any big boy would thrash him, nor was he afraid he would be laughed at by them, for No. Jemmy was no such coward. On he moved, and died, and then he sat down upon a post and the groove's, with his pencils, and oranges, and cocoa-nuts, and costly pocket-knives, that he hoped would make him some friends, and he leaned his head on his right arm, and his left hand held a large bunch of candy; past the by-shop, and the little red house with the white door, he passed, and he sighed till they were so familiar to him as his own home, and then he had reached the last corner of the street in which was his own home. Now it was that the tears flowed in earnest, and he put both together, and drew his breath hard. His house was a very pretty one, with a nice little garden in front, and as he drew near, he could catch a bright sun in now shining upon. Alas! when will there be sunshine in his home again?

"Ah, there's Jim, now," said a rude boy, loud enough for Jemmy to hear. "Here's your drum, Jim; where's the fife?"

"Stand away! go home off with you all!" shouted Jemmy, as he rushed forward, and fiercely grasped the boy with his right figure, and erect, his eyes flashing fire, his lips set, and his brow, into the center of the group, where, crowded upon each other, lay pencils, slate, candy, &c., in a heap. "Now, you coward, if you dare touch one of these and give me back my drum, or else I'll pound the life out of you!" and he shook the boy with all his might, and then, as he released him, he stamped with his right foot, and cried, "Go home, you coward, and tell your mother she has got a boy that can fight, and I'll go home and tell mine that I've been fighting for her drum, and that I'll have it back, or I'll know the reason why!" and

WAITING.

BY ALICE CARY.

The day has gone to the starry bank
Of the night beneath the hill,
And the leaves in lying asleep in the sun
Of the queenly daffodil.

I'm waiting under my apple-tree, dear,
Each moment a weary while,
And the boats has crept from the farmer near
To our island by your smile.

Nine sweet the moon, and the dimming pride
Of the twilight false to grey,
The while she shadows the cool banks side
To light your steps this way.

Such mortal meanings my love hegats
In things which else were dumb,
That I kiss th' more of the violets
As they turn the way you'll come.

The dandelions to grassy beds
That tanked to softy be,
Lit up their yellow and curly heads
Whenever a step goes by.

Go out, as I blow, moon in drowsy
In his ruffled nest, his rose,
And the baby-bird folds her red short down
To please my jealous eyes.

For disdained waves of the valley stream,
Through shells with checks aglow,
Run to meet you with gifts of cream
They have churned as white as snow.

I know, my love, you are coming now;
For the beasts is creeping higher,
And every blossom of every bough
Is red in the kiss at fire.

RICHARD HOFFMAN:

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER LXVI.

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND'S PLOT.

We will not attempt to describe the pain of the lovers at parting; certain there are many of the readers of this tale who have doubtless experienced a similar agony; and their memories can picture it more graphically than the pen of an author can describe.

There was one person who felt so-spirited and animated new hero did not accompany Mr. Charles and his family to Delhi. It was Mr. Chaloner; all his jealousy, which had slumbered for a time, revived.

Young, rich, and perfectly uncontrolled in his movements as Richard was, he could not understand the motive which restrained him in Calcutta. His love of business seemed inadequate to explain them, and he mentally calculated in for a passion for his young and innocent wife; for his inmost feelings kept secured.

Unfortunately the merchant had lately fallen into a habit of committing his musings during meetings in more sense than one. Although he had never avowed the suspicions which were gradually embittering his peace of mind and destroying his domestic happiness, the rail he threw over them was so transparent that a child might have penetrated it. Sanford both saw and rejoiced at his situation, and considered how he might turn the sort of tacit understanding established between them upon his subject to the advancement of his own guilty views.

"You have heard," said Mr. Chaloner, "of the departure of the thin for Delhi?"

"I have, sir," replied the clerk. "We have made some allowance to the planters, and should say universal occur."

"Pooh!" It is not the money I am thinking of," interrupted the old man, impatiently.

His hearer already divined as much.

"I have little fear of losing that," added the speaker.

"Still, things look threateningly."

"Let them threaten," replied Mr. Chaloner. "The pride of England is too deeply set upon their necks for a rebellion movement to shake it off."

"Not the least insurrection portion of a military power."

"I see you are one of those croakers who have led faith in the stability of British power in India," observed his employer. "True, you have not watched its growth, as I have."

This speaker had passed the greater portion of his life in India, having come over as a boy.

"Whenever England shall look on fool, she is immovable."

"Essentially, perhaps," added his more close-sighted hearer.

"But that is not the point; you have, doubtless, heard that our young friend Mr. Tyrrell is engaged to the ward of Sir Charles?"

Mr. Sanford had heard as much.

"It is not strange that he does not accompany them—for a few months, at least."

The hypocrite admitted that it was rather strange.

"How do you account for it?"

His listener application to business."

"Pshaw!"

"Or none tic we are ignorant of, which detains him in Calcutta; in fact, I have frequently thought—"

Here the artful fellow hesitated, and tried to look confused, as if he had gone further in his confidence than he intended.

"What have you thought?"

"Nothing—a mere surmise."

"Your surmise, then."

"I cannot utter that."

"Why not?"

"It might prove unjust."

"Do speak plainly," said the merchant, impatiently. "You are one of those rare persons in the world with your eyes open, and are not likely to come to an incorrect conclusion."

"But I have come to no conclusion yet."

"Your surmise, then."

"Well, sir, since you will have it," replied his confidential clerk, "I must own that I have frequently wondered why Mr. Tyrrell, who is so rich already, and the heir to a still greater fortune—according to your correspondents, Carey's account—should so devote himself to business."

"It is rather singular," observed Mr. Chaloner, musingly.

"He is more regular in his attendance at the office than any paid clerk."

"That a true."

"And the suggestion naturally is——"

"Speak it."

"That it covers some design," added the former speaker; "a laudable one, no doubt, for I would be the last person in the world to insinuate anything against his honor."

Mr. Chaloner turned pale with conflicting emotions, as the unprincipled man, who perceived and secretly smiled at his folly, thus heartlessly sported with his feelings.

"Had I been the lover of Lillias—I mean really her lover," added the clerk, "the chain must have been a strong one to detain me here."

The jealous listener groaned.

"I know," continued his tormentor, "that Lady Bell expressed considerable surprise at his determination."

"And well she might."

"Tried to shake it."

"And failed."

"Evidently, since Tyrrell remains. But since you feel interested in the matter, there are means by which we might obtain a clue to his motives."

"Name them."

"They might prove expensive."

"Heap the money."

"Amongst the servants, natives, whom Mr. Tyrrell has engaged, there is one who formerly lived with me. Like most of his caste, he is accessible to a bribe; in fact, there is scarcely an act gold would not tempt him to commit. Now I know that his master has lately had a very strong emblem made of native wood, with locks from Europe."

"Well?"

"It can't be to keep his money in."

"Certainly not," replied the merchant; "he draws upon me for that, and ever in any considerable sum."

"Truly, sir."

"What can he guard in it?"

"Secrets."

Had a serpent stung him, the poison man could not have started more suddenly; for the look which accompanied the word conveyed far more than the mere word itself.

"And you think that this follow——" he faltered.

"I am sure of it," replied the clerk, seeing that his employer had still too much desire left to explain his meaning more clearly.

"I must be satisfied," exclaimed Mr. Chaloner, "even though the knowledge insure the misery of all my future days. You must obtain possession of the letters."

"That will be impossible."

"How so? Have I misunderstood you?"

THE JEALOUS HUSBAND AND THE PLOTTING MANAGING CLERK.

"You forget the lock, sir," replied the clerk. "But the cabinet might be removed whilst Mr. Tyrrell is at the office, and——"

"I understand you. An act of——No, no; I cannot descend to that. Is there no other way?"

"I fear not."

"Then must I risk it!"

The eyes of the clerk flashed with a momentary expression of triumph at the thought of purchasing the wealthy merchant, whom he secretly hated, to compromise himself by an act of felony."

"Will you undertake it?" said he to his dupe.

"If you desire it, I will."

"Spare not for money; it is the key to every Asiatic's heart," added Mr. Chaloner. "Reflect on the importance which is devouring me, poisoning my existence, and do what you have promised as soon."

With this understanding, they separated.

It was a fortunate circumstance for our hero and the success of the design which brought him to India, that—before the unprincipled plan could be put into execution—his friend Lieutenant March arrived from his mysterious journey.

"Where have you been?" demanded his ward, after the first congratulations had passed between them.

"In the Punjaub," replied his guardian.

Richard repeated the name of the place with surprise, not having the slightest idea of any motive to go to a country so much a distant place.

"Where I have been on an errand in which your happiness is concerned," added the old soldier.

"Mine?"

"Yours and Lillias's."

"Do explain."

"You recollect the portrait we both admired at Meldown Park?" said the gentleman.

"Perfectly."

"And my observation that it resembled the late Governor Hastings's daughter, whose loss left Sir Denis—"

"That, too, I remember," observed Richard.

"At the same time, I did not explain to you that the woman Allar married was my only sister. On seeing Lillias at the ball, I was struck by the resemblance, and cautiously made inquiries. The result has been a firm conviction in my own mind that she is my niece."

"Impossible!"

"There is nothing half so strange as the truth," observed the lieutenant, with a smile, "and experience proves it daily. At present, interested me, it is only a conviction; but soon I trust to obtain the proofs. And the Chaloner not left for Delhi, my task would have been easy."

"But why not proceed at once there?" demanded Tyrrell, with considerable excitement.

"And leave you again alone?"

"Yes."

"Not after the infamous attempt which has been made upon your life," replied March. "I could never face your grandfather again, who has confided you to my care."

"Think not of me."

"I can only regard your feelings," said March, "but you must also make allowance for mine. I have a sacred duty to perform, and will not shrink from it. My private wishes must wait."

Knowing how useless it would be to attempt to turn him from a purpose done seriously decided upon, his hearer remained silent.

"Listen to me, Richard," continued the speaker; "it is evident that you have an enemy unscrupulous and cunning to deal with: the death in prison of your lieutenant Hassan could not have been accomplished, unless that enemy had powerful friends."

"I have frequently thought so," answered the young man.

"The repetition of the attempt must be guarded against."

"But how?"

"By dismissing every native from your service, and engaging European ones in their place."

"And then?"

"Rest you must permit me to take up my abode with you—not as a guardian, I do not ask it in that character, but as a friend."

"In either character," exclaimed the young man, extending his hand to him, "you will be welcome."

Lieutenant March pressed it cordially.

"I will watch over your safety. They must be cunning if they deceive me, for a long residence in India has given me a knowledge of their ways. I will answer for your safety."

CHAPTER LXVII.

DEATH IN PRISON.

Sanford was not the kind of man to permit a projection, on the results of which e calculated so greatly, to remain idle in his mind within his brain; on the contrary, he proceeded to make arrangements for carrying it into execution immediately. As he stated to Mr. Chaloner, when the unprincipled miscreant was first proposed, the concoction of it found little difficulty in bribing the domestic, who readily undertook to admit him and his companions to the house of our hero on the following night, for, in order to insure success, the managing clerk had decided on accompanying his agents. Unfortunately, however, for him, the very morning the attempt was to be made, Richard, in accompliance with the advice of his friend March, dismissed every native from his service, consequently Jack Sanders and an Englishman, named Edwards, who had brought out letters for the governor-general, were the only persons in the house beside himself and the lieutenant.

Sanford, with his usual subtlety, had made the payment of the sum he had promised to the boldfaced native conditional on nothing which stipulation induced the equally cunning Asiatic to conceal from him the fact of his dismissal. By failing in the courtyard he doubted not but he could under the gloom, which he knew the house, easily perform his part of the agreement.

Jack and the groom were seated in the dining-room long after our hero and his friend had retired to rest. The grateful fellow was relating to his late companions the escape which had been made upon the life of his benefactor, and describing his own attempt from the bullet of Hassan.

"I can believe it," observed the man; "this is the first night I have been on duty since with the mosquito, and once saw one of the conjurers or native Brahmins, the groom's favourite, whom Jack's pocket would give a title to eat hold of."

"And what was that?" demanded his hearer.

"I scarcely like to tell you for you should think that I was thinking over the liquor, and shrieking mad."

"No fear of that, after all I have seen and heard," said Jack.

"Well, then," continued the man, "we had been there waiting to launch a charger for his lordship, a fiery, vicious beast, the dread of the stable; it had nearly killed one poor fellow, and crippled two others. I had scarcely uttered the last sentence in the world. Whether something lit in the Arabs, or only did, it was a little reflected that man—I think they call so some from the hills—suffered to ride him, without saddle or bridle. Of course, I and Jem—Jem was my fellow-servant—both laughed at the bare audacity, who was there, and we, advised us to let him try."

"And did you?"

"We did. The fellow passed his hands once or twice over the head and face of the horse; then laid down on his back, and went to sleep under the coarse with a single bale."

"Extraordinary!" exclaimed Jack, with astonishment.

"That was the strangest thing of all," said Edwards. "He twisted one half of the charger's mane round his finger and guided him with it as easily as if it had been the strongest in the stables."

"It didn't last, I suppose?"

"No," answered the groom. "I only wish it had. When Jem or I mounted him, he threw us over his head at once. You must have been pretty tired yet," he added, looking round him, "before I should."

"Mr. Tyrrell dismissed the native servants from his service this morning," replied Jack. "Hence forth he is resolved to employ only Englishmen."

"And very right, too!" observed his companion.

Masters related in his turn some portion of his own adventures; but what he most dwelt upon was the mysterious disappearance of his old friend and companion in misfortune, Caleb, whose precautions from Captain Golt he described.

"Do you think his skipper robbed him again?" inquired Edwards; "he seems to have been a bad one."

Before Jack could inform him that the Carabao had sailed some days previous to the loss of his friend, both the speakers were startled by a noise in the adjoining saloon.

It sounded as if one of the heavy punkahs had been held back, and suddenly let fall against the wall.

"What is that?" exclaimed the groom, starting to his feet.

"Hush!" whispered Jack Sanders, at the same time extinguishing the light; "there are strangers in the house."

"Thieves?"

"Or something worse," was the reply.

"Shall I give an alarm?" demanded Edwards, in the same under tone.

"Let us first see what the danger is like," replied his companion, who was not easily terrified, and whose self-possession was increased by the knowledge that the intruders, whoever they might be, could only approach the chamber of Richard by passing through the apartment he and his servant were in.

For some time past the speaker had awaked at a point, sometimes by night, to be well armed. Drawing a revolver from his pocket, he placed it in the hand of the groom, and both advanced stealthily towards the door of communication between the dining-room and the saloon.

Applying his eye to the keyhole, Jack beheld that the room in the throws usually worn by a score of them were carrying off the rattan-wood cabinet in which he knew that our hero kept his private papers; whilst the third appeared to direct the operation.

Without a moment's hesitation, the faithful fellow threw open the door and discharged his revolver at the plunderers; Edwards followed his example.

Two of the thieves fell, the third escaped.

The report of the weapons speedily brought Richard and the lieutenant from their chambers, both well armed. There was no occasion to ask an explanation of the scene before them—the overturned cabinet, and the bodies of the servants men rendered it but too apparent.

"Are you hit, Jack?" demanded our hero, anxiously; for his first thoughts were of his faithful, though humble friend.

"Not a scratch, sir," replied Masters; "the shots you heard were fired by us. We have winged two of them."

"The fellow is dead," observed Edwards, turning over one of the bodies with his foot. "As for this," he added, approaching the second and giving it a kick.

"I soon shall be," muttered the guilty wretch.

All present started at the sound of his voice, for the words were uttered in English.

"Sanford!" exclaimed our hero, who was the first to recognise him. "What motive could have induced you to attempt a crime like this?"

The wounded man pointed to the cabinet.

"Had you obtained possession of it," said the lieutenant, "you would have been disappointed in your hopes of plunder; it contains only papers and letters."

"It was them I wished to see," replied the clerk, speaking with great difficulty, for the bullet had penetrated one of his lungs, and the blood was gurgling in his throat with every effort he made. "There is a mystery about you which I feel affects me. I resolved to fathom it; and that was the object, Charles, to encourage me; gave me money to bribe my accomplices with, in the hope of detecting proofs of your correspondence with Europe."

"I never received a line from here in my life," said Richard, indignantly. "His suspicions are as false as his conduct is now proved infamous."

A party of police, with the lieutenant had sent for, as well as a surgeon, now arrived. The latter, after a brief examination of Sanford's wound, pronounced it to be mortal.

"Don't let them steal me to a prison," murmured the dying wretch; "I haven't done you any very serious wrong."

"If such a moment I could pardon it, were it ten times greater," replied Tyrrell. "Think of other forgiveness than that of a poor frail being like myself. There is a future, Sanford, and a Judge from whom no secrets are hidden—we cannot deceive Him."

"I have committed no crime," said the dying man, "that is, no great one."

"Nor concealed any?"

The question agitated the clerk fearfully. It seemed as if each word acted like a probe upon his half-seared conscience.

"Who——" he demanded, "who is he that asks me?"

"Richard Hoffman, not Tyrrell—the name is but an assumed one—the son of Sir Denis Hoffman's penitent son and Carus Kara contrived to blast between you?"

At the name of Carus, Sanford became greatly excited, and cursed him as the cause of his ruin.

"A bad end," he continued, "a bad end. Prior Meagles always foretold that it would fall upon me at last. In his overtaken me; it will be the lion of Carus next."

The last idea seemed to afford him considerable satisfaction.

Richard Tyrrell, instead of attempting to excite his evil feelings towards the partner of his injustice, acted a far nobler, and, as ultimately proved, a wiser part, by speaking to him of forgiveness and mercy.

"Well, I suppose I must forgive him,—at least, I'll try to do so," replied the dying clerk; "but you don't know what a villain he has been. Expect that prayer again," he added; "I feel as if it did me good to listen to it."

Richard Hoffman complied with his request, and prayed by him long and fervently.

A few minutes only before Sanford expired, he drew from his bosom a small key, and placed it in the hands of our hero.

"When I am dead," he said; "when I am dead."

These were the last words he ever uttered, for suffocation now afterwards ensued, and the struggle of life was ended.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FRED WILSTON'S PROMISE.

The first had been three weeks on their march towards Delhi. Each day, as they advanced into the interior of the country, rumors of fresh insurrections reached them. Stations abandoned, officers murdered by the men they commanded, a few hours after the oath of fidelity had been solemnly and voluntarily renewed. Treasure looted, and women and children butchered in a manner too horrible to be described in our pages. It now became too evident that the rebellion, instead of remaining isolated, had become general, that the *prestige* of the English name and arms could no longer hold the infuriated people in subjection. The spell was broken. It had never been a hallowed one, for the qualities of justice, mercy, and, above all, example, were wanting.

The position of the Carabao Regiment was, on whom a most amount of responsibility rested, was a most painful one. With only a single regiment, surrounded by countless numbers of desperate fiends, his military duties required not only a cool head but a firm heart. No wonder that the latter sometimes failed him, when he thought of his wife and child, left in the most heavily up-country corner of danger and terror that might have blanched the bravest heart. Richard used the true nerve of manhood to quail. At each fresh tale of outrage, massacre and crime, the mental agony of the veteran increased, and bitterly did he regret having yielded to their entreaties to accompany him upon his march. But for the sake of Lillias's safety, the fervent would have been his feelings, how undiminished his courage.

Lady Bell and her adopted daughter were not the only ladies with the regiment. The wives of Dr. Barlee and the senior captain shared their perils. The former, a merry, strong-minded woman, laughed at danger, and the Sikh savages, and absolutely seemed to enjoy the excitement of the march and the dangers; the lightness with which she bore *not the latter, and her solid love of spirits* served to keep up those of her husband.

As for the officers and private, nothing could exceed their devotion and obedience to the holy companions of their march. At the noon, in the dusty noon and the stormy, they repeatedly rose up to the last man in their defence; and we doubt not, had the stern necessity arisen, they would have kept their word.

It was at the close of a long day's march that the Carabao, a large, straggling village, about six miles distant from the temple of Gouleisha, and the fort of ——, held by a native rajah named Aslar, who had received not only an increase of territory, but many important favors from the English.

Up to the arrival of the regiment, the village had not declared himself either for or against the insurgents, but contented himself by collecting the revenue, and keeping his forces in his stronghold.

As Sir Charles and the major entered the village at the head of the first column, the former observed with great surprise that the gates were closed and deserted. Neither the native police magistrate nor the collector made his appearance; not a male inhabitant was to be seen, and the women by guard upon them silently as they advanced. Even the very cows there dared not yet give utterance to.

"Humph!" uttered the major, in a dissatisfied tone, "our reception appears anything but friendly."

"Decidedly hostile, I should say," observed his companion. "And yet, after the letters of Aslar, his services are worthy of Midday——"

"Springes to catch woodcocks," interrupted Phillimore. "Don't trust to them, sir, or to Aslar's oaths. Remember Cawnpore."

The commander of the chief shuddered and cast a nervous glance towards the carriage in which the ladies were riding.

"I know," he re-said, "that the rajah is one of the few native princes on whom the governor-general and council place reliance."

"More fools they," said the major, drily. "But I see the gates have been pulled open; I'll ride on a pace. I have no wish to obstruct my advice."

"Obstruct?" repeated Sir Charles; "it is your duty you can do on the instant to suppose that it is not highly prized. I am a man of few words, but never can I forget the debt of gratitude I have received, not only from yourself, Major Phillimore, but every officer of my regiment. If I have not always been guided by it," he continued, after a pause, "it was from no vain reliance upon my own judgment, but the fear that my motives might be misunderstood."

"Misconstrued?" exclaimed his brother officer. "By whom? There is not a man in the 41st but knows you to be as brave as you are upright. Were it to speak my mind, I should say bravest. For one born and bred as you have been, it has been hazardous; we ought to have waited till Aslar's forces came up."

"I know it—I feel it now," replied the hearer, with a sigh of bitter regret. "But and I done so, the reason, in all probability, would have been misjudged."

"Impossible!"

"You forget I am a husband."

"No, I don't!" exclaimed the warm-hearted Welshman; "more than enough has been done for honor; and if any one dares assert, dare, or insinuate the contrary, David Ap-Owl Phillimore, major in her Majesty's 41st, is ready to give him the lie, and meet him and settle the difference like a Christian gentleman and an officer after-

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wards. As for Lady Bell," he continued, "I can not sufficiently express my admiration—never a look or word of complaint—always a pleasant smile and a cheerful word. Ah, Colonel, that's the only woman I ever met worthy of being colonel' wives."

"You forget the doctor's helpmate," observed the colonel, grimly gratified.

"No, I don't," replied the major, deftly; "she is a fine specimen of a female trooper, and an excellent partner for Burke. In the fifth war, I am told, she more than once handled a musket, and brought down her man."

Here the colonel rode up, and requested orders for his crossing and the ford the eighth. Before they could be given, an officer of the rajah, escorted by a dozen horsemen, was seen entering the village at the opposite extremity; a trail of bullock carts with provisions followed in the rear.

After exhausting with more than celestial severity, he placed a letter from his chief in the hands of Sir Charles.

Burke was summoned from the rear to interpret it.

The rajah, after a profusion of expressions of fidelity, informed the commander of the palki-gharis that he had been absent collecting his men and had only just heard of the approach of the regiment. That in token of good will towards his sahibs he had forwarded a supply of provisions, and proposed paying him a visit on the following morning.

"Do you think the writer may be trusted?" said the colonel, as the doctor concluded the reading of the rajah's missive.

Before answering the question, Burke inquired of the bearer why he had not come with the letter sooner.

"He has not quitted his saddle for twelve hours," replied the messenger, "and his highness suffers from the jungle fever, which, as the sahibs knows, is always more intense after sweat."

"The sweat is a good omen," said Burke, replying in Hindustani to the native, turning to the colonel, he added in English, "There can be no doubt of the rajah's fidelity. He is now anxious about celebrating his forms."

Here Phulmoonie gave a short, diminished cough.

"And has sent provisions for the regiment after the march," added the speaker, hastily, to prevent the officer of Anise from noticing the mopoir's incredulity; "it would be both impolite and unwise to doubt him."

The messenger was dismissed with the thanks of Sir Charles to his master, for the timely supplies he had brought, and an intimation that a visit from the following morning would be received with pleasure.

As the wily Ashiatic rode away, there was a subdued expression of triumph in his half-closed eyes, and a sardonic smile upon his lips.

"I have no faith in the rajah or his promises," observed the major, in a very decided tone, as the messenger disappeared.

"Nor I," said the doctor, calmly.

The two officers regarded him with surprise.

"But that is no reason why we should tell him so," continued the speaker; "the fellow who has left us evidently understood English. I watched the expression of his countenance, his confusion and anxiety when the colonel asked if I thought his master might be trusted."

"Burke," exclaimed his commander, "you would have made an admirable diplomat; you would excel even me."

Whilst the quarters of the men were being arranged for the night, *Sir Charles Fontrose* alighted at the door of the mansion of the house of the collector, which had been taken possession of for head-quarters. Lady Bell and Lillian both met him with a cheerful smile, and he could not, in the presence of the former, say what he had made it a rule not to say—question, for that the answers might be painful ones.

The doctor's wife, on the contrary, not feeling called upon to exercise such abnegation of the privileges of her sex, assailed him with a shower of questions, which, each time the gentleman hesitated, she interpreted in her own peculiar way. She was a short, spare woman, well calculated either for exertion or endurance, with a determined but not ostentatious expression of face. She was familiar with the Sikhs had given instruction to her own countrymen, both original and amusing.

"Well, colonel," she exclaimed, "the rajah has sent provisions."

"Yes"

"To be coming himself?"

"To-morrow."

The dark eyes of the lady flashed with sudden intelligence. Fixing them with a peculiar expression upon the speaker, she observed, in a quiet tone, "That she trusted the colonel had not neglected to give him a fitting reception."

"Of course we shall do our best," replied the commander, in a careless tone, not to alarm his wife and Lillian; "but we have scant means of entertaining him."

"Sorry he is," muttered Mrs Burke, drily; "especially as his highness must have come many days expected, and take you unawares. I shall be ready," she added, and at the same time spoying a small native and taking from it a pair of exquisitely finished pistols, which she coolly examined before proceeding to load them.

The colonel perceived the effect which the appearance of the weapons, and still more the manner of the speaker, produced upon Lady Bell, and made her a sign to desist; but the quick eye of his wife detected it.

"O Charles," she exclaimed, reproachfully, and at the same time throwing herself into his arms; "am I no longer worthy of your confidence?"

"Of all that ever ventured on woman," replied her husband, embracing her affectionately.

"Why don't you tell them?" said Mrs. Burke; at the same time snapping the lock of one of her weapons; "supposing the rajah's intentions are to cut them all, Lillian, too. You know their affection and goodness, but not their strength; I am seldom do. It was years," she added, snapping the pistol a second time, "before Burke found out mine, but he knows it by this time."

Despite her sallow complexion, which continued every other feeling, her hearers could not refrain from smiling.

"Dost in right?" cried the good-humored creature. "Glad to see you smile again. Look in her eyes, Sir Charles, and then ask yourself if Lady Bell has not courage."

"I never doubted it," replied the baronet; "but why try it by an unnecessary alarm?"

"Was campaigning, always keep your force on the alert," said the little Amazon, as she measured a bullet into one of her weapons.

"Bell," said her husband, "I will no longer conceal from you that the condition of the rajah is suspicious."

"I should think it was!"

His promise to visit me in the morning, now probably, is intended to throw me off my guard."

"A child might see through it."

"And the discretion of the village," continued the baronet, "by the native police magistrate and collector, is a still more unfavorable sign."

"Exactly what I said."

We scarcely need inform our readers that the commentaries upon the statements of Sir Charles were supplied from the doctor's wife.

"In short," continued the commander of the fifty, "there is a possibility—nay, more, a probability of our being attacked; but fear not," he added, observing that Lillian's cut a man in the regiment that would not die for you."

"Of woman either," said Mrs Burke.

"I have not the slightest dread of ever falling alive into the hands of the barbarians," observed Lady Bell, with a smile.

In the midst of the danger which threatened her beneficiaries, Lillian found one consolation—Burke and was not with them to share it; he, at least, was safe at Calcutta. Here we no selfish love, but one of those pure disinterested affections which bellow the heart of woman, even as an angel's presence consecrates the shrine in which it dwells.

Fred Wharton now made his appearance. During the latter part of the march, when the perilous cases daily more imminent, he had ridden, as frequently as his professional duty would permit, by the side of the carriage which conveyed the wife of his commander and her adopted child. There had been an ostensible parade and protection, but that unobtrusive, tender care which only love can give and Lillian felt in their safety. No wonder, therefore, that the feeling of confidence had gradually strengthened between them, and that he was warmly welcomed both by Lady Bell and our heroine.

"By-the-by, colonel," he exclaimed, as if he had just recollected something of importance, "the major has been inquiring for you; he wishes to consult you respecting the disposition of the men."

"I thought we had arranged it," said Sir Charles, slightly annoyed at being obliged to quit his wife and Lillian.

A glance from his assistant informed him that the presence was desired for other reasons, turning to the colonel, he added in English, "There can be no doubt of the rajah's fidelity. It is now some hours since he sent off his messenger."

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They already fill so fast as almost to choke his utterance.

"Heaven will not permit the fearful sacrifice," he murmured; "it is too just, too merciful; so good, so pure, and beautiful."

"Others go beside," answered Lady Bell, gravely; "have not been spared. You are a generous fellow, Wharton, full and not thrall at what comes minute might from weakness; such tears honor the manhood, instead of shaming it. Soothe the only thanks," she added, "it may ever be in my power to bestow for the vast service you have rendered me."

Without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, the lover lay upon the cheeks of the mistress the exuberant love of the young officer, and touched it with her lips. A cold shudder ran through the frame as he felt the contact; it seemed like the kiss of death.

Lillian followed the example of her benefactress.

Richard will need no souvenir to guard my memory," she whispered. "Tell him that the last words of the departed were his name—my last thoughts were one—was of him."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE OLD MAID.

BY GEORGIANNA REBBERD.

"Come!" said Emma, and we went out to call upon the old maid about whom I had expressed so much curiosity. She lived in a brick, weather-boarded house, with small, dimmed, dingy panes and back-door, window, and ever since I had arrived at my native town had been the subject of more and more interested in the pale and sober face that I would catch glimpse of behind the window-blind, wondering by what life could seemed to earn her very scanty pittance.

To satisfy me as nearly as I could, Emma had called upon the old maid, and now, I, her friend, was to be introduced to her visitor to take a seat beside herself and her guest.

"I am glad my husband has gotten us," said the wife of the latter, "for I quailed my sister. I want to speak with you."

"Wife, sir!" repeated the correct, with surprise.

"And to demand—say, if necessary, extract—a service from you."

"I pray you," exclaimed the young officer, "that it lies in my power to be of use to you! I will not say that my pleasure I shall stay your slightest wish."

"You promise me?"

"Yes."

"Do your word as a soldier and a gentleman?" demanded her ladyship, at the same time fixing her eyes searchingly upon his.

A pause of a few minutes succeeded, during which the speakers remained gazing upon each other: the countenance of the former full of the expression of the fair supplicant's features the nature of the request, whilst those of the latter, as the high-born Englishwoman to note if his courage or resolution were likely to fail him, as the occasion that she was about to impose.

"A few minutes since," said the officer, "I should have given the same demand unhesitatingly; but now, I—I must first hear your request before I bind myself by so solemn a promise."

"I have it to your honor to judge of its propriety," said the lady.

Wharton turned fearfully pale, and the drops of perspiration visibly gathered on his brow here on case to its agony he endured.

"I must hear it first," he repeated.

"You shall, since you insist upon it," replied her ladyship, coldly. "I have long since noticed you as one capable of great, I had almost said deeds. I speak not of the strife of war—most men are brave; it is the more lofty virtues that are needful in you that prompts my prayer, which you are to grant, or refuse, as you will. I ask you, then, as a sister, or the being you loved, with the requirement, would you permit her to fall a living victim in the hands of those who sport with woman's agony and woman's shame? Answer me, Wharton. Would she but feel proof of your affection, or pardon such circumstances?"

"Spare me!" exclaimed the young man; "spare me!"

"You would preserve her honor at the expense of her life," continued Lady Bell; "and her unpolluted by the touch of the villain who would sully it with his lust and the risk; I am sure you would. Here my request. Should my beloved fall, and numbers prevail against our soldiers, I ask you, Fred Wharton, that neither Lillian nor myself shall be exposed to the horrors of captivity."

"What is it you demand—a murder?"

"No, a sacrifice," replied the woman so soft and gentle that they fell like a sceph's prayer upon the ear.

"And break the heart of the true friend that loves me!" exclaimed the officer. "Impossible! It is too horrible. Command me in all else, and I will anticipation of such a deed. Tyrrell would curse me—hate me for ever."

"He would bless you," interrupted the orphan. "When the fire had said the the pang—that pang! him the pang of yore, the life of agony, the recollection of a wrong he to be loved my cheek would burn to-day, to-morrow, to-day, Wharton, I claim from your protection—to shield me from dishonor; for are not you and Richard brothers in the heart though not in blood?"

For several minutes the young person remained buried in the deepest reflection; and a word escaped him, but the quivering muscles of his face and compressed lips were witness to the mental struggle he endured.

"Lillian," said her benefactress, in tone so free from emotion and excitement that it rendered the agitation which attended her almost sublime; "since the friend in whom we both relied deserts us, your husband's courage will not carry you—we shall shield you; child of my love, whom Providence has given me and Richard, and which I have tested; living, the serpent's arms shall never clasp you."

The orphan threw herself upon the neck of the heroic woman, and mingled her thanks with tears and kisses.

Wharton could resist no longer.

"Lady," he exclaimed, and every word he uttered seemed coming from his very heart, "you have gravelled. I accept the fearful task you have assigned me. Do not speak! do not thank me!" he added, with a burst of manly energy, "let the sound of your voice—the appalling horror of such a sacrifice—unnerve my resolution, and I recall my promise, according to its tenor."

"Heaven will not permit the fearful sacrifice," he murmured; "it is too just, too merciful; so good, so pure, and beautiful."

"Others go beside," answered Lady Bell, gravely; "have not been spared. You are a generous fellow, Wharton, full and not thrall at what comes minute might from weakness; such tears honor the manhood, instead of shaming it. Soothe the only thanks," she added, "it may ever be in my power to bestow for the vast service you have rendered me."

Without the slightest hesitation or embarrassment, the lover lay upon the cheeks of the mistress the exuberant love of the young officer, and touched it with her lips. A cold shudder ran through the frame as he felt the contact; it seemed like the kiss of death.

Lillian followed the example of her benefactress.

Richard will need no souvenir to guard my memory," she whispered. "Tell him that the last words of the departed were his name—my last thoughts were one—was of him."

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE OLD MAID.

BY GEORGIANNA REBBERD.

"Come!" said Emma, and we went out to call upon the old maid about whom I had expressed so much curiosity. She lived in a brick, weather-boarded house, with small, dimmed, dingy panes and back-door, window, and ever since I had arrived at my native town had been the subject of more and more interested in the pale and sober face that I would catch glimpse of behind the window-blind, wondering by what life could seemed to earn her very scanty pittance.

To satisfy me as nearly as I could, Emma had called upon the old maid, and now, I, her friend, was to be introduced to her visitor to take a seat beside herself and her guest.

"I am glad my husband has gotten us," said the wife of the latter, "for I quailed my sister. I want to speak with you."

"Wife, sir!" repeated the correct, with surprise.

"And to demand—say, if necessary, extract—a service from you."

"I pray you," exclaimed the young officer, "that it lies in my power to be of use to you! I will not say that my pleasure I shall stay your slightest wish."

"You promise me?"

"Yes."

"Do your word as a soldier and a gentleman?" demanded her ladyship, at the same time fixing her eyes searchingly upon his.

A pause of a few minutes succeeded, during which the speakers remained gazing upon each other: the countenance of the former full of the expression of the fair supplicant's features the nature of the request, whilst those of the latter, as the high-born Englishwoman to note if his courage or resolution were likely to fail him, as the occasion that she was about to impose.

"A few minutes since," said the officer, "I should have given the same demand unhesitatingly; but now, I—I must first hear your request before I bind myself by so solemn a promise."

"I have it to your honor to judge of its propriety," said the lady.

Wharton turned fearfully pale, and the drops of perspiration visibly gathered on his brow here on case to its agony he endured.

"I must hear it first," he repeated.

"You shall, since you insist upon it," replied her ladyship, coldly. "I have long since noticed you as one capable of great, I had almost said deeds. I speak not of the strife of war—most men are brave; it is the more lofty virtues that are needful in you that prompts my prayer, which you are to grant, or refuse, as you will. I ask you, then, as a sister, or the being you loved, with the requirement, would you permit her to fall a living victim in the hands of those who sport with woman's agony and woman's shame? Answer me, Wharton. Would she but feel proof of your affection, or pardon such circumstances?"

"Spare me!" exclaimed the young man; "spare me!"

"You would preserve her honor at the expense of her life," continued Lady Bell; "and her unpolluted by the touch of the villain who would sully it with his lust and the risk; I am sure you would. Here my request. Should my beloved fall, and numbers prevail against our soldiers, I ask you, Fred Wharton, that neither Lillian nor myself shall be exposed to the horrors of captivity."

"What is it you demand—a murder?"

"No, a sacrifice," replied the woman so soft and gentle that they fell like a sceph's prayer upon the ear.

"And break the heart of the true friend that loves me!" exclaimed the officer. "Impossible! It is too horrible. Command me in all else, and I will anticipation of such a deed. Tyrrell would curse me—hate me for ever."

"He would bless you," interrupted the orphan. "When the fire had said the the pang—that pang! him the pang of yore, the life of agony, the recollection of a wrong he to be loved my cheek would burn to-day, to-morrow, to-day, Wharton, I claim from your protection—to shield me from dishonor; for are not you and Richard brothers in the heart though not in blood?"

For several minutes the young person remained buried in the deepest reflection; and a word escaped him, but the quivering muscles of his face and compressed lips were witness to the mental struggle he endured.

"Lillian," said her benefactress, in tone so free from emotion and excitement that it rendered the agitation which attended her almost sublime; "since the friend in whom we both relied deserts us—

LISTENING FOR LOVED FOOTSTEPS.

BY KITTY A.

I sit in the shade of the maple grove,
Watching and waiting for him I love;
Waiting and watching the hours away,
Wondering sadly as the delay;
I sit me down by the haunted spring,
Where first I heard him say I was dear;
But I know that he cannot be at all unheard,
And my heart grows sick with no hope deferred.
My heart keeps counting with lonely beats,
And my eyes look down on my straining eyes;
Then the twilight day fill the evening sky,
I've listened, and waited, and watched for him;
But he comes not, and I know why.
Oh! that this silence and fear might end!
Here I sit a-thinking, sometimes I hear;
But 'tis the form of my love and dear,
Darkness, and silence, and weeping fear,
Since my beloved is over to me.

THE ASTROLOGER'S PREDICTION.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During the prevalence of the cholera in 1849, a small party of us were one evening sitting together discussing the all-absorbing topic of the day. Our adversary the fiend—for it was then at its height—had he believed cause arrest, and progressed rapidly in fatal termination, sending simply terror into the realm of fear, acting on a nervous organization. This was denied by a second, who contended that the idea was a fallacy, having its origin in a diseased brain which were more imaginative than scientific. His position was at once met by a third, a gentleman of high scholastic attainments, who had in his day been a traveler over a great portion of the habitable globe, and a resident at different times of several foreign cities of note. In the course of his remarks, he cited several cases which had come under his own notice, where he had reason to believe that the mind had acted upon the body as to produce serious and even fatal results—the manifestations of the different phases of each being in accordance with the idea which was supposed to induce them.

"One of the most remarkable of these," he said, "and which may be cited most directly in illustration of my argument, I had occasion to witness in Paris; and if you are in the mood to hear it, I will give you the story."

We all signified our interest in his forthcoming narration, and he accordingly proceeded:

"Some years ago," he resumed, "I occupied rooms in the first square, opposite the Louvre, and had for companion two men of directly opposite temperament. One of these was a small, delicate-framed, light-haired Englishman, full of nervous fretting, unobtrusive, and superstitious nature; and the other a fine, manly-looking Spaniard—tall, graceful, of a very dark complexion, with black hair and eyes, and possessing what might be termed a strong and mechanical turn of mind—a fact which believe is demonstrated, here, but a trait, despite concurring anything mysterious and incomprehensible—anything, in fact, for which a rational cause could not be assigned. Henry Harley was the Englishman, believed in everything of a marvelous nature; and Juan Salvator, the Spaniard, believed in nothing he could not demonstrate. The former would often introduce odd legends and superstitions, and narrate them with all the earnestness of fact; and the latter would make report of them carefully, and attempt to reason him out of what he deemed his weak folly; but they were warm friends, notwithstanding; and sometimes, in the course of their discussions, both would get excited; and I, who was more generally their class debater, would be appealed to to decide the point; which I generally did by taking a neutral ground, or something between the two, and endeavoring to make each satisfied with himself and disappointed, without dwelling in favor of either.

"About this time the gossiping portion of Paris became not a little exercised concerning a foreign astrologer, who had domiciled himself in the heart of the city, and had made, it was said, some most wonderful predictions, some of which had been strangely verified. Being a matter much talked of on the side of our circle, it naturally came up for discussion between the Englishman and the Spaniard, the former of course assuming that such certain men were given the power of revealing the future, and citing various instances of both ancient and modern times to sustain his hypothesis; and the latter denying—if such were possible—all that he doubted—that they were anything more than mere chance coincidences, and wholly worthless, being derived from a thousand failures, and bruited abroad by just such restless persons as the friend Harley, who, by designing men for a selfish or sinister purpose.

"I boldly deny," he said, 'that any man has, or ever had, the power of revealing the future, and any future fact which certainly, not based upon present causes already in action.' For instance, I say that, that wine a man is known to be dying, it may be positively asserted by the scientific physician that he cannot recover—that he may not live a week, a day, or even an hour—but I deny that the precise moment of his decease can be foretold.'

"And I claim,' returned Hassel, 'that all causes of all future events are present in the Great Book of Nature—and that they are written in his Great Book of Nature—and that it is only necessary for mortals to read and interpret aright that Book of Nature, to arrive at a definite and infallible conclusion.'

"'You might as well tell me,' replied Salvator, 'that a man could point out the gold veins in the mountains of the sea; and I claim that it is just as easy for him to see them, or to see the bed of the unfathomable ocean, as it is for him to read and interpret the Great Book of Nature, as you call it, and that your conclusions, being based upon false premises, are utterly worthless.'

"This discussion was kept up more or less for several days; during which time I was, as usual, frequently appealed to for my opinion; till finally I proposed, as a means of settling all of this to my just, or as that of changing the monotonous round of conversation, that we should pay a visit to the astrologer, and hear what he had to say for himself. To this they agreed; and the next morning, early in the early hour, we found ourselves in his august presence.

"Of what country he was a native, I do not know. He was a man of middle height, with very dark complexion, and features in no way remarkable, except for a certain classic severity of expression, as one had studied deeply and thought deeply in ancient science. He was dressed in black, and the apartment in which he received us was richly furnished—the latter, with the exception perhaps of being of a rather heavy and gloomy cast, differing not materially from the reception-room of a gentleman of leisure. There was nothing about either the man or his apartment tending in any degree to fantastic trickery, for the mere purpose of saving, or deeply impressing, a vulgar mind; all was rich, substantial, quiet, but modern; and Professor Fontenelle, as he styled himself, received us with the dignified courtesy of a well-bred gentleman.

"'We have come, sir, to have our fortunes told,' said Harley, with an unnatural air, that spoiled the conversation and declaring our business at the same time.

"'With one exception,' said I, 'which is myself. I have no desire to know the future any farther than it comes.'

"'And I,' rejoined Salvator, 'bringing with me that skeptical mind which does not believe it can be told any farther than it comes.'

"'It is perfectly immaterial to me,' replied the astrologer, 'whether you believe or not. If I tell you a truth, you will see it when you arrive at it; if a truth, do me the justice to say it was a truth. I told you; if I tell you a falsehood, you can, when you discover it to be a falsehood, say it was falsehood, and pronounce me a humbug.'

"'Well, that is fair, at all events' laughed the Spaniard; 'the only thing I fear being, that I may some time or other be in a condition to apply a truthful epithet, which would not sound very pleasant to your ear just now.'

"Fontinelli darted at the speaker a keen, searching glance; and, after a moment of silence, replied, with most impressive solemnity:

"'And I only fear, young man, that you will never have occasion to gainsay my words! Are you ready for questions to be asked?'

"'Perfectly, sir?' answered the Spaniard; 'not I believe my friend here is the most anxious, and has the privilege—which I, as the subject of his fate, with both together, which I suppose is not accorded to me to rule.'

"'One at a time,' said the Professor; and turning to the Englishman, he motioned him to seat in the room adjoining. Hassel arose, but with some little trepidation, which brought a smile to the features of the astrologer, and which, when he concluded the astrologer into his private apartment. He was absent something over half an hour, during which time the Spaniard kept up a running fire of pleasantry, sometimes insulting to the astrologer, and taking a very ludicrous view of the whole affair. When the Englishman at length came forth, we perceived that his features were somewhat paler—though, on the whole, he seemed very well satisfied with what he had heard—every word of which he believed to be as true as the most unquestionable fact in the world.

"'Well, what wonderful things did he tell you?' inquired Salvator, with a quizzical expression of countenance. 'Did he tell you you were a small-fry?'

"'No, sir,' replied Hassel, with more than his mind I one that could swallow a ghost story as readily as a mathematician could solve a problem.'

"'It is your turn now, sir,' said the astrologer, curtly; 'and so suppose you go and see for yourself!'

"'I should like to wager a basket of wine with you,' returned the Spaniard, as he arose and advanced toward the door, 'that for every bet he will give me nine hundred and ninety-nine times in the vile upon which his wisdom is founded!'

"During the absence of Salvator, Hassel gave me a description of the apartment and the man with its crimson arms, hieroglyphic table, and silver wand, which threw its light upon the mystic characters of the great astrologer, as he bent over his horoscope, and calculated with mathematical precision the movements of the planets which were to determine the great events of his life, and the order of their occurrence. He then went on to state on after another of the wise propositions which of the star readings, when he (Hassel) was then re-opened his lip cutting with a sneer. 'To my surprise as to what he had gathered of wisdom, he replied with an expression of countenance:

"'But! it is but time wasted and money thrown away! Come, let us have a game of billiards at the quarters, and I will tell you the wonders as I go along.'

"A servant politely showed us to the door, but the astrologer did not again make his appearance. On our way back to our lodgings, Hassel was fascinated us with a ludicrous picture of the gravity with which the man of science had sat down the hour of his birth and proceeded with his calculations, and the care, when he had done, he had very gravely and solemnly told him that he had better not seek to know anything of his future, but rest content with the fact that he was not long for this world.

"'I insisted,' pursued the narrator, 'upon knowing the day and the hour when I should leave the terrestrial globe; and after some moments of seeming reluctance, he gave me the exact date, which here you have;' and handing me a card on which the year, month, day and hour was penciled by his own hand, he burst into a loud, contemptuous laugh, and declared that that was all he had received for his time, patience and money.

"'Let me see it,' said Harley, looking upon the whole affair as a kind of foolish pastime; but Hassel became very grave, and objected to my first making light of so serious a matter.

"'I have nothing serious about it, and except for the first two or three days, nothing more was said on the subject of the astrologer and his predictions. Hassel, for some reason, refraining from bringing it up, and Salvator holding it too much in contempt to make it worthy of notice.

"About this time we all became separated—the Englishman returning to London, the Spaniard back to Cadiz, and myself to Rome.

"After an absence of a little more than two months, I returned to Paris, and took lodgings in a different part of the city. I did not suppose that either of my friends were then in the gay capital; but on walking out the second day, who should I meet but Hassel, looking as hale, hearty and fresh, Juan Salvator, so changed that I scarcely knew him.

"He had fallen away much in person; his features were bloated, his cheeks sallow, and haggard; his eye bright, restless, and his whole appearance and expression that seemed to be trending toward insanity, while his manner was nervous, excited, and almost shrewdly mad of dressing, showed that he was no longer governed by any of the old external appearance which had once marked him as the gentleman of taste.

"'Good heavens!' exclaimed I, grasping his hand, which I discovered to be feverish and nervous; 'is it possible that in you I behold Salvator?'

"'What is the matter, my friend? are you ill? May you must be; or else some great trouble is preying upon your mind?'

"He returned, with a fiery glance, as he fixed his black eyes upon mine; 'who says I am ill? No! no! I am well—very well—and happy to meet you! When did you return from Rome?'

"'I arrived in the city yesterday, but did not dream of meeting you.'

"'I have been returned a week,' he replied; 'some unexpected business brought me back sooner than I intended.'

"'Are you in any difficulty?' I inquired.

"'No! he replied; 'no! Why, am I indeed so changed?'

"I saw that the idea of his being changed irritated him, and I turned the conversation. He spoke of many things which had happened during his absence, referred to the thousand hours we had spent together, and inquired if I had heard from Hassel since his departure. I replied through all that there was a certain wandering of his mind, a peculiar and unpleasant abstraction, a sort of nervous wildness and incoherent, that gave me not a little anxiety for the sake of his health, and rendered his company for an agreeable than I had anticipated. We engaged lodgings, and I made an appointment for him to meet me on the following day; and on leaving him, I felt that I had not exactly succeeded in what I considered my advice something attractive, and did not feel in a lively spirits.

"From that time, for a couple of weeks, I saw nearly my last one of Salvator, sometimes for four hours; but I observed, with considerable alarm, that every day the change in him was for the worse instead of the better. He positively refused to see a physician, however; and always declared, when I brought up the subject of his health, that there was nothing the matter with him, and as I found this caused him considerable pondering any good result, I finally ceased mentioning the subject altogether.

"Suddenly he ceased calling upon me; and on going to call on him, I found that he had given up his lodgings and departed; but whether from the city, or to a different part of it, I could not ascertain.

"I reflected much upon the sudden change I had seen in him, and called at every place I knew of his cause, but without avail. This I more from some strange fascination, I observed; and more than I thought it must be the act of prophecy, or even a disagreeable impression that had taken up its room near and dear friend. I had much the appearance of remorse; but I could not bring myself to believe that the words of a madman, or the better days of our acquaintance, had always some to me.

"Four matters passed on to seven eight or ten days; and I, who had been accustomed to see Paris for London, not disliking it, promised that I would remain a month or two longer. In a darkened room, emaciated and ghastly, and scarcely able to sit upright, Salvator lay. I approached out his chin, trembling hand and took mine, he pointed to a package of papers on a near table, requesting me to open them, and read what then solemnly bade me farewell.

"'Is this your last request, Salvator?' I asked; 'what does this mean? You are surely not dying?'

"'Yes!' he replied, faintly; 'yes—but it even so—my last hour has come! I cannot survive!'

"I hurriedly read Hassel in bed, waved his hand feebly toward a package, and *Last Request* to be opened.

"I turned and looked at the package for the first time, and found it addressed to myself. I then glanced upon the top of it, as this was he had pencilled the prediction of his death—which, as per the whole mystery seemed them be gained—for still that moment the whole affair had been beneath my notice, and I had not even thought of it. I then read the letter and the Englishman, I quickly seized the card and read it. It was the same!

"*Juan Salvator is to die on the 4th of September, 1849, at 10 o'clock A. M.*

"He exclaimed I, with sudden start, 'this is the 5th September! Let me see him at once!' with a nervous hand. It was easily sixteen minutes past three o'clock. 'Impossible,' said I, in a solution of the mystery! 'He man was the victim of fraud!'

"This hypothesis was subsequently proved by a perusal of the papers above referred to. From them I learned that the astrologer had made the first seriously called his attention to the prediction I had the thought of it had gradually gained upon him; that he had brooded over it in solitude, his mind rebelling against it, and his reason finally his skepticism had lost shaken—and given way to uncertainty, uncertainty to doubt, doubt to fear, and fear to belief. He was then a victim of the result—the whole action upon his entire nervous system, and finally his brain, from the conclusion of the idea, and finally bringing death upon him, through the agency of mental, mental, and spiritual concussion and physical exhaustion."

LESSON OF AN EVENING.

BY SILVANUS COBB, JR.

Agreeably to an engagement made some weeks previous, I went to a neighboring town to deliver a lecture, and stopped with Mr. Hill. He was an old man, well known across of life, and of the most influential citizens of the place. After supper he went with me to the hall, where I lectured, and was introduced to his family. After conversing upon various matters relating to the prosperity of temperance cause, and Mr. H. gave me an account of the life of Mr. Hill, and the town with regard to that cause.

"It is strange," he said, "how tenaciously the drinking habit clings to our people. Only the other day I was talking out the second day, who is quickly, and kindly affected by the ties

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

"AM I NOT TRUE TO THEE."

BY HALLIE M. BRYAN.

A fairy dream that comes
With evanescent light,
Across the heart of Home
One early autumn night—
Am I not like to thee?

A pearl cast at the feet,
And worn by careless tread,
Then left where cold waves beat,
By ocean's restless bed—
Am I not like to thee?

A lone and lonely star
That in thy midst might bloom
But on the distance far
Vainly to burn performs—
Am I not like to thee?

A sad and timid star
That fared thy pure sorbits,
Now shining on afar,
Forgotten by the skies—
Am I not like to thee?

A half remembered strain
That once entranced thine ear,
Whose music then again
Will sometime spell at hear—
Am I not like to thee?

THE RESCUE PARTY.

A RENCOUNTER WITH THE APACHES.

As you pass up from the Rio Grande, towards the far-famed Valley of Mexitoxy, you come in sight of the first outlying range of the Sierra Madre. It is the first elevation the eye encounters, in all the long journey from the gulf coast. Its castellated peaks of porphyry and sebsolin, barring in the receding range on every side, and upper and torrents of molten lava, pouring from out the flinty clouds upon their summits; while the sides and base of the mountains are clothed in a more sober robe of green and umber.

Near the base of this mountain range—upon a narrow plain, bordered by a scattered growth of ebonee, mesak or mesquite trees, and plants of the cactus and yucca families, you come to the quiet and secluded little pueblo, or village, of Corralitos. Its low stone-built dwellings, covered with virgin white stucco, contrast cheerfully with the brilliant dark green of the foliage, and many golden orange, pomegranate and lemon trees among which they are nestled. Occasionally a feathery palm spreads its protecting shadow over a cluster of broad-leaved bananas—those most beautiful of the gigantic annuals of the southern gardens.

At a distance of less than one league from Corralitos, where the road from Monterey takes a wide circuit, to avoid a projecting spur of the mother mountain, lies the rich and beautiful *rancho de la Casa Grande*, (the Brothers' ranche.) It is a favorite stopping place for parties of travelers on their way from the upper country, on account of the spring of sweet water, (Agua Dulce,) which here gushes cool from a deep rocky basin, overshadowed by aged mesquite trees.

It was mid-day—and a party of twenty five or so—Texan Rangers—for it was during the late war, had just thrown ourselves upon the ground to breathe our heated animals, and fill our canteens at the inviting fountain.

Suddenly, a wild ringing whoop, accompanied by the scattered rolling of many rifles, came from a distance, echoing through the deep chaparral. All the same instant, we heard a horse along by the broom, the rapid tread of horses flying over the stony road, and apparently approaching the thicket. In no instant, without waiting for an order, every Ranger was in his saddle, *prepared for the* great element of the unexpected in Indian warfare.

"There's a—d Indian!" exclaimed an old Ranger, named Larkin. "I don't know that any injured yell; I've been it after—it's 'pache, boys! The devils are at their cussed tricks again; they're driving the cowardly greasers (Mexicans) before them,—then they come!"

These words of Larkin's were scarcely uttered, when a crowd of mustachioed and panic-stricken Mexicans, came dashing at full speed to the ranche, and quarring their panting mustangs at the top of their speed. On seeing our little party, and that they suddenly checked their animals, and drew up among the jacals, (or huts,) shouting out the wild cry of *"los Indios!" los Indios!"* (the Indians! the Indians!)

In an instant we comprehended the whole affair. The Apaches had attacked Corralitos, a portion of the inhabitants had endeavored to escape, but were closely pursued by the savages, while the main body of the rascals were busy plundering and firing the town.

Then had always been warm blood between the Texans and these thieving Indians. Many of my brave fellows had old grudges yet unsatisfied; and now an unlooked for opportunity was presented for a fight with their old enemies. As the Apaches came on, therefore, full on the ranche, our officers, and the flying Mexicans were shouted, I directed my men to charge them, as they came on; and give them the contents of their revolvers and six-shooting carbines.

Telling like hungry panthers on the scent of blood, the ravages to the number of a hundred, or more, came howling, and in a confused mass, into the cross-fire range of our little party, before they suspected our presence. In the next instant, amid the wildest touching distance, when with an answering yell, we charged out upon the astonished Indians.

It was only the work of a moment. But that moment was a fearful one for them! Our revolvers and carbines, true to their object, poured a deadly storm of leaden hail into their terror and panicked ranks. Blood flowed freely; their ranks were thinned; wounded and dying, they struggled together in the dusty road, their affrighted riderless horses, maddened by the confused noise of yelling Indians and Rangers, the continued explosion of our arms, and dashing the wounded—trampled frantically among them, and crushed them beneath their heavy feet. It was a short, but terrible struggle—terrible while it lasted; for the slaughter—it was nothing more—was over. Less than a dozen of the red-skins escaped upon the back track towards the town.

The blood of the Rangers was now up, and at the fighting point. They had smelt blood. The old Indian fighters among them had thus scented, and were busily engaged with their heavy knives, slashing off the right scalp of the dead and dying Indians as trophies of the fight. Old Larkin had already a long string of them, which he was carefully attaching to his saddle bow.

"Them's Capitan," said he, as he caught my eye, for an instant, turned upon the lingering object. "There's something to take home to the old woman; I'll do her eyes proud! She's lots more on 'em hanging in the old ranche on the War'hips; and she loves to count 'em, as well as the Mexican gals do their praying beads."

I allowed the man a few moments to proceed in his—to us loathsome work, for I knew many of them had suffered bitterly, in all they loved best, by the savage warriors. They had many wrongs to avenge, and were thus gratifying the first of revenge upon their hated enemies. They were taking care in return for many a scalp reeking with the blood of their dearest relatives—horse of perhaps, by the same assailants.

They worked rapidly, and soon the bloody business was completed. I then gave the order to mount.

"Now men, to the rescue!" I shouted. "We must reach yonder town, before the dogs have time to fathom the head of our presence—to hem it!"

In another minute we were on the command—a rapid pace along the road in the direction of the fugitive Indians.

The intermixed and affrighted Mexicans, who during this brief affair had taken shelter behind the buildings of the ranche, comprehending our intention, now ventured out, and followed in our rear. Taking courage by the relief, to unexpectedly a band, they now began to turn their thoughts towards their families and friends, who were still exposed to the murderous assaults of the savages.

We rapidly approached the pueblo, (or village,) and were astonished at the silence that reigned there. Not a human being was to be seen, save the dead bodies of the Mexicans, who during the first attack had fallen in the streets. Not a sound was heard, save the occasional bubbling of a fountain in the centre of the square.

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It was only the work of a moment. But that moment was a fearful one for them! Our revolvers and carbines, true to their object, poured a deadly storm of leaden hail into their terror and panicked ranks. Blood flowed freely; their ranks were thinned; wounded and dying, they struggled together in the dusty road, their affrighted riderless horses, maddened by the confused noise of yelling Indians and Rangers, the continued explosion of our arms, and dashing the wounded—trampled frantically among them, and crushed them beneath their heavy feet. It was a short, but terrible struggle—terrible while it lasted; for the slaughter—it was nothing more—was over. Less than a dozen of the red-skins escaped upon the back track towards the town.

The blood of the Rangers was now up, and at the fighting point. They had smelt blood. The old Indian fighters among them had thus scented, and were busily engaged with their heavy knives, slashing off the right scalp of the dead and dying Indians as trophies of the fight. Old Larkin had already a long string of them, which he was carefully attaching to his saddle bow.

"There's Capitan," said he, as he caught my eye, for an instant, turned upon the lingering object. "There's something to take home to the old woman; I'll do her eyes proud! She's lots more on 'em hanging in the old ranche on the War'hips; and she loves to count 'em, as well as the Mexican gals do their praying beads."

I allowed the man a few moments to proceed in this—to us loathsome work, for I knew many of them had suffered bitterly, in all they loved best, by the savage warriors. They had many wrongs to avenge, and were thus gratifying the first of revenge upon their hated enemies. They were taking care in return for many a scalp reeking with the blood of their dearest relatives—horse of perhaps, by the same assailants.

They worked rapidly, and soon the bloody business was completed. I then gave the order to mount.

"Now men, to the rescue!" I shouted. "We must reach yonder town, before the dogs have time to fathom the head of our presence—to hem it!"

In another minute we were on the command—a rapid pace along the road in the direction of the fugitive Indians.

The intermixed and affrighted Mexicans, who during this brief affair had taken shelter behind the buildings of the ranche, comprehending our intention, now ventured out, and followed in our rear. Taking courage by the relief, to unexpectedly a band, they now began to turn their thoughts towards their families and friends, who were still exposed to the murderous assaults of the savages.

We rapidly approached the pueblo, (or village,) and were astonished at the silence that reigned there. Not a human being was to be seen, save the dead bodies of the Mexicans, who during the first attack had fallen in the streets. Not a sound was heard, save the occasional bubbling of a fountain in the centre of the square.

At a distance of less than one league from Corralitos, where the road from Monterey takes a wide circuit, to avoid a projecting spur of the mother mountain, lies the rich and beautiful *rancho de la Casa Grande*, (the Brothers' ranche.) It is a favorite stopping place for parties of travelers on their way from the upper country, on account of the spring of sweet water, (Agua Dulce,) which here gushes cool from a deep rocky basin, overshadowed by aged mesquite trees.

It was mid-day—and a party of twenty five or so—Texan Rangers—for it was during the late war, had just thrown ourselves upon the ground to breathe our heated animals, and fill our canteens at the inviting fountain.

Suddenly, a wild ringing whoop, accompanied by the scattered rolling of many rifles, came from a distance, echoing through the deep chaparral. All the same instant, we heard a horse along by the broom, the rapid tread of horses flying over the stony road, and apparently approaching the thicket. In no instant, without waiting for an order, every Ranger was in his saddle, *prepared for the* great element of the unexpected in Indian warfare.

"There's d—d Indian!" exclaimed an old Ranger, named Larkin. "I don't know that any injured yell; I've been it after—it's 'pache, boys! The devils are at their cussed tricks again; they're driving the cowardly greasers (Mexicans) before them,—then they come!"

These words of Larkin's were scarcely uttered, when a crowd of mustachioed and panic-stricken Mexicans, came dashing at full speed to the ranche, and quarring their panting mustangs at the top of their speed. On seeing our little party, and that they suddenly checked their animals, and drew up among the jacals, (or huts,) shouting out the wild cry of *"los Indios!" los Indios!"* (the Indians! the Indians!)

In an instant we comprehended the whole affair. The Apaches had attacked Corralitos, a portion of the inhabitants had endeavored to escape, but were closely pursued by the savages, while the main body of the rascals were busy plundering and firing the town.

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